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WALKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON.

HIGHGATE AND HORNSEY.

"Before the good folk of this kingdom be undone,
Shall Highgate Hill stand in the middle of London."

Old Prophecy.

THE neighbourhood of London does not afford scenery of a remarkable character. We have neither mountains nor minerals; no "craggy rocks, deep dells, narrow ravines, and tumbling torrents;" the country around is not kept in a volcanic-looking state by the smelting of iron ore, neither is the smoke of London produced from coal raised in its vicinity. Our highest country attractions—scenes that may be visited in occasional short excursions from the metropolis—are no more than "gently-rising hills and bending vales." But some of these are very pleasant, and much of quiet enjoyment is to be obtained from a ramble now and then amongst them. There is much, too, of extrinsic interest attached to places, from their vicinity to London and connexion with the memories of celebrated men. A few papers, therefore, employed in pointing out, in an unpretending manner, the more obvious of such things as might interest a pedestrian in occasional walks, may not be without their use.

We shall select at present Highgate and Hornsey. Hampstead, which might be associated with Highgate, must be visited again.

The main road to Highgate from London is the "great north road," passing through Islington. Forty years ago, the Rev. Daniel Lysons, in his "Environs of London," wrote—"Islington is situated about a mile to the north of London, on the road to Barnet." If by London we understand the "City," then we still say that Islington is a mile north-west from it, or a mile north of Fleet-street. But it is London all the way to Islington, and Islington is part of London—one of the many parts that make up the great whole. The ground on which it lies rises considerably above the level of the city; and it has been famed from an ancient date for its milk and its air. The parish is large, being "three miles one furlong in breadth, ten miles and a half in circumference, and containing three thousand acres of land." Its fields are rapidly filling up with houses, and it has now a population which would make a large town anywhere else. But we must not tarry in Islington, for it would require a longer description than can at present be given.

The main road keeps right through Islington and Holloway:—the latter, in fact, is the name given to the houses on either side of the spacious road from Holloway toll-bar to the foot of Highgate hill. The road has the appearance of a continuous street up to the toll-bar; but from thence the shops begin to disappear,—the road is more country-like, and many of the houses occupied by people in the middling ranks of life are inscribed as "cottages," or at least have the appearance of villas in miniature. At some distance before us the steeple of Highgate church peeps out among trees. Though this is one of the great outlets of the metropolis, there is no extraordinary bustle; a carriage or a gig, a stage-coach or omnibus, may roll past now and then, but they arrest without distracting the attention. Near Upper Holloway church

—a large new structure, which skirts the road,—the ground begins to ascend, and by and by we are at the foot of Highgate-hill, where two roads claim our notice.

Norden, a topographical writer, whose account of Middlesex was published in 1593, (it was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and the title-page sets forth that the book was accomplished "by the travail and view of John Norden,") tells us how Highgate received its name. The old road to Barnet, he says, passed the hill on the east; but being "refused of wayfaring men and carriers, by reason of the deepnes and dirtie passage in the winter season," it was agreed between the country and the Bishop of London that "a newe waie should be layde forth through the sayde bishop's park," over the hill. And over this hill lay the road for several centuries. A sore tug it must have been for coaches, waggons, and carts; for, though the hills of Middlesex are not very high, Highgate-hill is one of the highest, being about 450 feet above the level of the Thames,—the road from Holloway over it rose in half a mile 240 feet. But the publicans of the olden time, whose houses fronted the main street of Highgate, were thankful for the hill: horses had to be breathed after their toilsome ascent, and coachmen and waggoners were nothing loath to rest their horses and refresh themselves. In 1809—fifty years after various plans had been suggested to get rid of the hill in the road,—a project was submitted to Parliament for that purpose, but it was rejected, owing to a successful opposition. In 1810, however, a bill was passed for making a tunnel through the hill. After the work had proceeded some time, the tunnel fell in on the morning of the 31st of October, 1812: the project was then converted into an open cutting, the bridge or arch thrown over it serving as a road from Highgate on the top of the hill to Hornsey. In a somewhat absurd publication of the year 1812, a Highgate publican, who views the innovation with no favourable eye, is made to exclaim:

"Round Highgate-hill
An envious vale steals winding to the right:
Thither, in evil hour, with pickaxe, hod,
Brick, mortar, trowel, spade, and wheelbarrow,
A gang of sappers grope their mazy way!"

The new road running under the arch, after clearing the hill, joins the main road again. Besides avoiding the ascent and descent, it saves about a hundred yards, which, to mail and stage coaches, running to exact minute-time, is a consideration.

A few paces up the old or Highgate-hill road, there is a stone, like a large milestone, set up on the edge of the footpath. This, the inscription on it informs us, is "WHITTINGTON'S STONE." It records the years when Sir Richard Whittington was sheriff and "thrice lord mayor of London," at the end of the fourteenth and early part of the fifteenth centuries. According to the popular story, it was here that, when a youth, and running away from his employment, he sat down to rest, and perhaps to look back and reconsider what he was about; and his better feelings and young ambition were roused by the fancy that the distant chimes of Bow bells conveyed the sound of "Turn again, Whittington, lord mayor of London!" In the "Gentleman's Magazine" it is mentioned that, from an early period to the year 1795, there was a stone here

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surrounded by a pavement; but that in that year a needy or greedy parish officer carried off all for his own use. Since then, the present stone has been erected.

Whittington was doubtless one of that class of steady, energetic-minded men, who, other things being favourable, are the architects of their own fortunes. It is difficult to say how a *cat* became connected with him, as the cause of his first success in life. The story is, however, a very old one. Whatever way he acquired his wealth, though he was comparatively poor and became rich, he was no niggardly soul; his charities were large. Let us step aside for a little into the Archway Road, to look at the new and beautiful range of almshouses which perpetuate his memory, and have been so appropriately placed here.

The Mercer's Company (Whittington was a mercer) are the patrons of this charity. They have in their possession the original ordinances made by Whittington's executors for founding a college and almshouses. On the first page of these ordinances is an illumination representing Whittington on his deathbed, (a copy of it is in the fourth volume of Malcolm's "London,") surrounded by his executors, physician, and the "pouere folk," the first inmates of his charity. Whittington is represented as almost a skeleton, meagre and attenuated. The college and almshouses were erected in the city, in a narrow street which still bears the name of College-hill. The college was suppressed by Edward VI., but the almshouses remained; a few years ago the old building in the city was removed, and the site occupied by the Mercers' school, and the present buildings were erected here. In order to examine them, we need not go within the Archway Road toll-gate, as there is an intimation on it that "each foot-passenger must pay one penny for each time of passing." We can enter by this iron gateway, just outside the toll-bar. Is not the inspection of this elegant range of almshouses worth all the delay? The building forms a centre, with two projecting wings; or, it will be better to say, it constitutes three sides of a quadrangle, open to the road, and fenced off from it by a handsome iron railing. In the centre is a little chapel, in the pointed style of architecture. The ground in front, up to the railing, is tastefully laid out, and planted with shrubbery; amongst which, in front of the chapel, is a statue of Whittington. Altogether, these almshouses have an exceedingly sweet and pleasant effect; and we are tempted to exclaim—Here is a man whose story, however absurd it may be, has afforded delight to thousands of youth, and whose bounty has cheered, and will cheer, the old age of hundreds!

The embankment of the Archway Road, and the brick-fields in our neighbourhood, remind us of "London clay." The substratum of Middlesex, and a great portion of some of the adjoining counties, is a blue and blackish clay, lying in some places to a great depth, and covered here and there with red clay and gravel.—"This clay varies very considerably in thickness. Thus, one mile east of London it is only 77 feet deep; at a well in St. James's-street, 235 feet; at Wimbledon, in Surrey, it was not pierced through at 530 feet; and at High Beech, 700 feet." In cutting the Archway Road, various fossil remains were found embedded—teeth of fish, shells, &c.

Clay is an essential ingredient of good soil, and is frequently taken to feed light sandy soil; but, in such a moist country as Britain it is apt to be heavy, and requires good under-drainage to keep it in profitable working condition. There is an old rhyme, that

"When the sand doth feed the clay,
It is old England well-a-day!
But when the clay doth feed the sand,
Oh, then, hurrah for old England!"

Let us now turn out of the Archway Road, and go up the hill, bestowing another look on "Whittington's stone" as we pass.—

The new cemetery at Highgate will be noticed along with the other London cemeteries.

Highgate, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was just such an aristocratic village as Wimbledon in Surrey is now. It is reckoned about four miles and a half from St. Paul's; and being a convenient distance from London, and having a considerable reputation as a healthy place of abode, many of the illustrious men of England—men remarkable for their talents, character, and position in society,—had houses here. "Upon this hill," says old Norden, "is most pleasant dwelling, yet not so pleasant as healthful: for the expert inhabitants there report that divers who have been long visited with sicknesses not curable by physicke, have in a short time repayed their health by that sweete salutarie aire." He only singles out one person as residing here: "Cornwalleys, esquire," (he does not give the Christian name,) who, he says, "hath a verie faire house, from which he may with great delight behold the statelie Citie of London, Westminster, Greenwyche, the famous river of Thamys, and the countie towards the southe, verie farre." Lysons supposes this Cornwallis to have been a son of Sir Thomas Cornwallis, a man of eminence in the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary. The son led a retired life at Highgate during the reign of Elizabeth.

Bacon died at Highgate, on the 9th of April, 1626, at the age of sixty-six. His death took place at the house of the Earl of Arundel, whose taste for the fine arts led him to collect what are known and kept at Oxford as the Arundelian Marbles. The far-searching spirit of Bacon enabled him to foresee, and to console himself with the reflection, that after-times would do some justice to his intellect and general character: but, conscious of that moral obliquity which had led him into judicial unrighteousness, and to stain his hands with bribery, he says, in his will, "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my own countrymen after some time be passed over." Affecting as is the connection of his guilt with the history of such a man, it is so far satisfactory to reflect that he stands a signal example of the danger of polluting the judgment-seat in such a country as Britain.

Space would fail us if we were to indicate the names and characters of the more remarkable personages who have lived, or who have died, at Highgate. Among the houses, there is one which was inhabited by, and still bears the name of, the notorious Duke of Lauderdale, who was one of the members of the Cabal in the reign of Charles II., and the initial letter of whose title is one of the letters of that then-coined word: "A bad statesman and a wicked man." It was from Highgate that the unhappy Arabella Stuart made her escape, in male attire, from the house of Mr. Conyers, previous to her being again seized, to end her days in the Tower, a wretched idiot. Not to give a mere list of names, we may mention three individuals remarkably contrasted in their characters and history, who resided at Highgate:—the stern, vigilant, able, morose son-in-law of Cromwell, Henry Ireton, who died at Limerick while he was lord-deputy of Ireland; Sir Richard Baker, the author of the Chronicle of England,—a lively gossip, the greater part of whose life was, however, spent in the Fleet prison, or within its rules; and Doctor Sacheverell, a man whose name is now known only to the reader of history, though he was once the cause of setting the nation in a flame.

Though Highgate is not at all a decayed village, yet it has an elderly, grave, and even careless look. It does not seem to rest its pretensions to consideration on outward appearance. But serving-men, idling about in stable dress, or passing to and fro in livery, let us know that many of its old brick mansions, if not inhabited by the Arundels or the Percys, are still tenanted by people well to do in the world. And doubtless, too, the bakers and the butchers,

the tinmen and the chemists, whose shops front the main street, can afford to tell us that the mail and stage coaches no longer passing through the village is "no loss."

We must go into one of those public-houses to rest, and refresh a little: will the landlord bring out the horns, and administer the oath? This silly custom belonged to a boisterous age, when a laugh was more valued for itself, than for the cause of laughter. A pair of horns used to be kept in each public-house, upon which the stranger, on his first visit to Highgate, was sworn "not to eat brown bread when he could get white, *unless* he liked the other better," and so on, through a number of similar absurdities. Lysons, writing in 1795, says, the custom, the origin of which he did not know, was almost extinct—it exists only in recollection now.

Instead of going round by Hampstead, we will go northwards, crossing the road by the Archway, from near the top of Highgate-hill.

There is a very fine view to be obtained from the top of the bridge or arch; the road below looks like a deep ravine; one side exhibits a varied and undulating country, the other London, "mighty London,"—the dome of St. Paul's, and the numerous spires, appearing more or less distinct, as the smoke and vapour, illuminated by the rays of the sun, are disturbed by the action of the wind.

Advancing a little way on the road, we may either turn downwards towards Holloway and Islington, or continue onwards to Hornsey. The day is not far spent, so we will go onwards. It is six miles from the Royal Exchange to Hornsey, according to the omnibus men. Our walk takes us through Crouch End—a small kind of scattered village, and after walking some time we arrive in sight of Hornsey church, churchyard, and village. They lie in a little kind of dell, and have rather a picturesque appearance. You can strike off the road, through the fields, near a new building appropriated as a girls' school. The church has been lately nearly all rebuilt, and is a conspicuous object among the houses which cluster round it.

Hornsey Park is known in history as the place where the Duke of Gloucester, and the Earls of Warwick, Arundel, and others, met to oppose Richard II. in 1386. It was here also that young Edward V., after his father's death, was met by the Lord Mayor of London and five hundred citizens, and escorted into the city, a short time previous to his disappearance under the guardianship of his uncle Richard III. A similar procession met Richard's dethroner, Henry VII. out here, on his return from an expedition into Scotland.

But to return home. There is a narrow lane just opposite the girls' school, and by going down this, and crossing two or three stiles, we shall have a delightful homeward walk. The fields which we cross, lie down the slope of a "gentle hill," and up another; and as we ascend, a fine view spreads out before the eye. From the stile at the top of the hill, turning our back to London (which, by the way, a genuine Londoner is very loath to do,) a richly-cultivated country lies before us, dotted over with villas and villages; on the left is Highgate, with a series of little hills spreading out from it, on the right a rich and extensive plain, through which flows the river Lea, forming a boundary between Middlesex and Essex, and for some distance nearly parallel with it, is conducted the canal called the New River, planned by Sir Hugh Middleton for supplying the inhabitants of London with water. Looking towards London, the "great metropolis" seems a shadowy and indistinct thing, as if the clouds which hang over it were willing to hide all its vice and misery, and to leave us at liberty to think only of its greatness and its grandeur.

We now descend upon Hornsey-wood House, a tavern and tea-garden. "Fitzstephen incidentally mentions that in his time a vast forest was on the north side of London, which abounded with all the large animals of the chase, among which were wild boars. Probably the thicket now called Hornsey-wood formed part of this 'vast forest,' the frequenters of which, instead of valorous hunters, are now tea-drinking and pic-nic parties of citizens!"

Continuing our walk through the fields, we begin to ascend again, and pass through Highbury, an eminence immediately north of Islington, which is covered over with rows of houses, some of them excellent, and chiefly inhabited by people of moderate income, whose business requires a residence in the vicinity of London. From thence, through Islington, we may return to what the late Mr. Cobbett unsparingly abused as the "Wen"—which, with all its defects, is the healthiest large city in the world, and where a sober and industrious man may enjoy much that renders life a pleasurable existence.

PEARL FISHERY ON THE COAST OF CEYLON.

"THE crew of a boat consists of a Tindal or master, ten divers, and thirteen other men, who manage the boat and attend the divers when fishing. Each boat has five diving-stones (the ten divers relieving each other); five divers are constantly at work during the hours of fishing. The weight of the diving-stone varies from fifteen to twenty-five pounds, according to the size of the diver; some stout men find it necessary to have from four to eight pounds of stone in a waist-belt, to enable them to keep at the bottom of the sea, to fill their net with oysters. The form of a diving-stone resembles the cone of a pine; it is suspended by a double cord.

"The net is of coir-rope yarns, eighteen inches deep, fastened to a hoop eighteen inches wide, fairly slung to a single cord. On preparing to commence fishing, the diver divests himself of all his clothes, except a small piece of cloth; after offering up his devotions, he plunges into the sea and swims to his diving-stone, which his attendants have slung over the side of the boat; he places his right foot or toes between the double cord on the diving-stone—the bight of the cord being passed over a stick projecting from the side of the boat; by grasping all parts of the rope he is enabled to support himself and the stone, and raise or lower the latter for his own convenience while he remains at the surface; he then puts his left foot on the hoop of the net and presses it against the diving-stone, retaining the cord in his hand. The attendants take care that the cords are clear for running out of the boat.

"The diver being thus prepared, he raises his body as much as he is able; drawing a full breath, he presses his nostrils between his thumb and finger, slips his hold of the bight of the diving-stone, and descends as rapidly as the stone will sink him. On reaching the bottom he abandons the stone, which is hauled up by the attendants ready to take him down again, clings to the ground, and commences filling his net. To accomplish this, he will sometimes creep over a space of eight or ten fathoms, and remain under water a minute; when he wishes to ascend he checks the cord of the net, which is instantly felt by the attendants, who commence pulling up as fast as they are able. The diver remains with the net until it is so far clear of the bottom as to be in no danger of upsetting, and then begins to haul himself up by the cord, hand over hand, which the attendants are likewise pulling. When by these means his body has acquired an impetus upwards, he forsakes the cord, places his hands to his thighs, rapidly ascends to the surface, swims to his diving-stone, and by the time the contents of his net have been emptied into the boat he is ready to go down again. One diver will take up in a day from 1000 to 4000 oysters. They seldom exceed a minute under water; the more common time is from fifty-three to fifty-seven seconds, but when requested to remain as long as possible, they can prolong their stay to something more than eighty seconds. They are warned to ascend by a singing noise in the ears, and finally by a sensation similar to hiccup."

DIFFERENT INTERPRETATIONS OF THE FIRST CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

THOSE geologists who consider that the six days of creation mean precisely what we commonly understand by the word "day"—that is, six revolutions of the earth, each comprised in twenty-four hours—refer all the great changes which have happened upon the earth before it was arranged for the habitation of man, to the time which is supposed to have elapsed in the space between the first and second verses of the first chapter of Genesis. That is to say, the first verse, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," is (as was stated in a previous article) a simple announcement of the great fact, that God *did* create the heavens and the earth at *some* period; and then that the second verse—"And the earth was without form and void"—indicates that the earth had been in existence, and had undergone some derangement, previous to the commencement of that process which fitted it for the reception of the human race.

But those who regard the six days of creation as signifying periods of *indefinite* length, look upon the first chapter of Genesis as an authorised and divinely inspired geological history, told in brief and simple language, yet recording accurately the great events which geology teaches occurred on the earth during the ages that preceded the appearance of man. They therefore interpret the second verse of the first chapter as indicating the early state of our world, when it was covered with a dark abyss of waters, in which neither vegetable nor animal life could exist. They then go through the other verses of the chapter, and contend that the descriptions given harmonise with the great *periods* of time which geological investigation has discovered. "Dry land" appears; the vegetable kingdom is formed; "the waters bring forth abundantly;" "great whales" are created; and this, it is stated, is an erroneous translation, and should be rendered "great reptiles," thus corresponding with that period when "reptiles were lords of creation," and moved their enormous lengths through the waters or on the shores of the ancient world. Afterwards, "the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind," appear, and so on to the creation of man.

The notion that the six days of creation are periods of indefinite length, can be supported by plausible and ingenious hypothetical arguments. There are, however, some serious objections to this interpretation. As we have no opinion which we can presume to advocate, (considering our knowledge of the harmony of Scripture and geology to be yet in a progressive state,) we shall present the opposite interpretations in the words of two eminent men, who, however they may differ, agree in profound respect for the Scriptures.

Professor Silliman says, that he is aware, "from much communication with biblical critics and divines, how tenacious they are of the common acceptance of the word 'day.' On points of biblical criticism we have no right to speak with great confidence. But we may be permitted to remark, that from the best consideration we have been able to give the subject, aided by the light afforded both by criticism and geology, it does not appear necessary to limit the word 'day' in this account, to the period of twenty-four hours.

"1. This word could have no definite application, before the present measure of a day and night was established by the instituted revolution of the earth on its axis, *before an illuminated sun*, and this did not happen until the fourth day.

"2. The word 'day' is used, even in this short history, in three senses,—for light as distinct from darkness,—for the light and darkness of a single terrestrial revolution, or a natural day,—and finally for time at large.

"3. In the latter case then, the account itself uses the word 'day' in the sense in which geology would choose to adopt it, that is, for time or a period of time.

"In the recapitulatory view of the creation in the beginning of the second chapter of Genesis,—allusion is made to the whole work in the expression '*in the day* that the Lord God made the heavens and the earth.'

"4. If the canons of criticism require that one sense of the word 'day' should be adopted and preserved throughout the whole account, how are we to understand this verse: 'These are the generations of the heavens and the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the heavens and the earth?' Which of the three senses shall we adopt? If the last, then the whole work was performed not in six days, but in one day—of twenty-four hours, in the popular sense;—in a sufficient period of time, according to the geological view. The canons of criticism were made by man, and may be erroneous, or at least they may be

erroneously applied; the world was made by God, and if the history in question were dictated by him, it cannot be inconsistent with the facts. Why, then, should we not prefer that sense of the word used in the history itself, which is in harmony with the structure of the globe? It is said, indeed, that the account in the second chapter of Genesis is a different one from that in the first. With this the geologist can have no concern; since he finds both adopted in a connected history, he receives them as one.

"It is agreed on all hands, that the word here used for day, is that which, in the Hebrew, usually signified a period of twenty-four hours, and the addition of morning and evening is supposed to render it certain that this is the real sense, and the only sense that is admissible, especially as this view is supported by the peculiar genius of the Hebrew language.

"But, we would ask, is it unusual to preserve this allusion to morning and evening, when the word day is used for time? We speak, for instance, of the life of a man as *his day*; and in the same sense, and in harmony with this rhetorical figure, we speak of the morning and evening of life.

"In all ages, countries, and languages, this use of the word 'day' is fully sanctioned, and it is frequently used in the Scriptures in the same sense.* Indeed it might not be too much to suppose that the arrangement by which the sun was to measure time, was not completed until the evening of the fourth day, and then our difficulties will be confined to one day, namely the fifth. The first three days, obviously, could not have had the present measure of time applied to them; and the work of arranging the crust of the planet was so far finished by the evening of the fifth day, as to fit it for the reception of terrestrial quadrupeds, which first appeared on the sixth day, and finally, man was created, as would appear, at the conclusion of the same day; of course, the great geological revolutions, *beneath the bed of the ancient ocean*, must have been so far finished that the continents had emerged, and thus dry land was provided, both for terrestrial quadrupeds and for man, neither of which could, before this period, have existed on the earth.

"Supposing that there are inhabitants at the poles of the earth, how might they understand the days of the creation? To them a day of light is six months long, and a night of darkness six months long; and the day, made up of night and day, covers a year, and it is a day too, *limited by morning and evening*.

"Such persons, therefore, must suppose, upon the popular understanding of the days of the creation, that at least six years were employed on the work. So, at the polar circles, there is, every year, one day,—that is, one continued vision of the sun for twenty-four hours, and one continued night of twenty-four hours; while, everywhere within the polar circles, the days and nights respectively are for six months, more than twenty-four hours, extending even as we advance towards the poles, through the time of many of our days and nights. How are these people to understand the week of the creation, if limited to the popular view entertained in countries between the polar circles?

"It is objected, that as the Sabbath is a common day, and that as it is mentioned in the fourth commandment, and in other parts of the Scriptures, in connexion with the other six days, they ought to be limited to the same time.

"We cannot see that this consequence follows. The Sabbath is a moral enactment; all that precedes was physical, relating merely to the creation and arrangement of matter, and to irrational organized beings; the Sabbath could have no relation to rocks and waters; it was ordained for man as a rational being, and in mercy as a day of rest to the animal races that were to labour for him: it was a new dispensation, and although the same word is applied both to this period and to those that preceded, it does not appear to follow that they are necessarily of the same length. The first three days that preceded the establishment of the relation between the sun and the earth, could have no measure of time in common with our present experience, and it appears to be no unwarrantable liberty to suppose that they may have been of any

* Luke xvii. 24.—So also shall the son of man be in his day.

"John viii. 56.—Your father, Abraham, rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it and was glad.

"2 Peter iii. 8.—One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

"Genesis ii. 4.—These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens.

"Job xiv. 6.—Turn from him that he may rest, till he shall accomplish as an hireling his day.

"Job xviii. 20.—They that come after him shall be astonished at his day, as they that went before were affrighted, (speaking of the life of the wicked)

length which the subject matter may require, although those three days were also verbally limited by morning and evening, and that at a period of the creation when there could have been no morning and evening, in the sense in which those words are now used.

"The revolution of the earth on its axis in presence of an illuminated sun, was necessary to constitute morning and evening, and it must revolve with the same degree of rapidity as now, in order to have constituted such a natural day, with its morning and evening, as we at present enjoy. But the sun was not ordained to rule the day until the fourth of those periods, and it is not certain that the early revolutions of the earth on its axis were as rapid as now. May we not therefore suppose that the historian, as he must employ some term for his divisions of time, adopted one that he found in familiar use, but that it is not necessarily restricted to the common acceptance of the word?"

The opposite view to this, namely, that the six days of creation are actually six natural days, is thus explained by Dr. Pye Smith.

"We have then six 'days,' which I conceive there is good reason to regard as six natural days, six rotations of our globe upon its axis, each accomplished in about twenty-four hours. The globe is represented to us covered with 'darkness,' as a vast mass, the surface probably all water, and with it mingled earthy matter, so that it might be called an ocean of mud, and the atmosphere so turbid as to be quite dark, had there been any there to have witnessed it. And God produced 'light.' This (as the following operations) is expressed to us in the simple language of antiquity, attributing to the infinite Being the utterance of vocal expression: 'God said, Be light, and light was.' Nothing can be more beautiful, nothing more energetic, nothing more touching, especially in that state of society to which the Scriptures were addressed, when men would not have understood the dry philosophical style, which men in modern times have adopted. We then find reference made to 'the firmament'—the atmosphere in which watery vapours float. We next find reference made to the separation of land from water; 'the dry land' is commanded to 'appear;' it was upheaved by those internal forces, the reality of which the whole history of the globe attests. We then have the divine power creating vegetable nature. And after that, we read of the bringing forth of the luminaries of heaven. Now this has created a difficulty in the minds of many. 'God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night, and let them be for signs and for seasons, for days and for years, and let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth; and it was so. And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the stars also.' Now can we fail here to perceive the condescending language which God was pleased to direct his servants to use, to meet the apprehensions of the bulk of mankind? It is impossible not to perceive, that this is the language suited to the conceptions of the early ages of man. For the sun is put, with the strictest propriety, as the greater luminary, but the moon is made the next in magnitude; whereas we know that the moon is the smallest of all the planets belonging to the solar system, excepting those of very recent discovery; and then, of the planets, three of which are amazingly greater by hundreds of hundreds of times than this earth, no mention at all is made; they are only included in the general affirmation—"the stars also." Now men in early times conceived the stars in the third degree of beauty and magnitude and importance. I mention this, as a proof that it is condescending language, meeting the simplicity of the early apprehensions of mankind. The true meaning, I apprehend, is this—that now the atmosphere was so far clear, that, on the side of the earth next to the sun, he was seen shining brightly in the blue sky, and in the opposite hemisphere the moon and the other heavenly bodies would have been seen penetrating the darkness.

"And thus I could travel over the successive six days, and show, that, in those six days, Almighty power, wisdom, and goodness, put forth its direct agency, where necessary, but, where not necessary, what are usually called the laws of nature, namely, the attraction of gravitation and that of chemical affinities, were allowed, I may say, or made to exercise themselves; and the result was what is described—the creation of animated beings in their respective elements, and of man to be the superior and sovereign of them all."

Such of our readers as have perused the three articles we have given on this subject, chiefly in the words of Professor Silliman and Dr. Pye Smith, will, we doubt not, admit:—1. That the Bible does not contradict geology; and 2. That, as we advance in knowledge, a just interpretation of the Bible will always be found to harmonise with the discoveries of science.

STATE OF EGYPTIAN CIVILIZATION IN THE REIGN OF AMASIS.

B. C. 571.

To reconcile the command, "not to do evil, that good may ensue," with the fact constantly before our eyes that "evil produces good," appears at first sight difficult: we too often forget that the command is directed to our actions, while the axiom applies merely to our sufferings; and, when tempted to transgress an injunction perhaps more difficult to obey than any other in the Gospel, how readily can we find precedents for our weakness! How numerous are the characters in history to which we can refer, in whom the love of justice and other excellent qualities blot out from our minds the dark steps by which they attained the opportunity of displaying these virtues! Among these characters, the monarch of whom we are about to speak is to be numbered. The degree of his guilt is doubtful, but his good qualities are upon record. Great uncertainty veils the circumstances attending the accession of Amasis, and the direct means by which he obtained the throne of Egypt. Herodotus describes him as of plebeian origin, a native of the city of Liuph, in the district of Saïs; but Diodorus asserts that Amasis was a person of considerable consequence; and we learn from the sculptures of Thebes, that he had married the daughter of Psammetichus the Third; which circumstance, together with the fact of his belonging to the military caste, appears to contradict the first-named historian, whose account of the circumstances of the elevation of Amasis is as follows:—Apries, the reigning monarch, having sent an army against the Cyreneans, received a severe defeat, which so enraged the Egyptians against him, that the friends of such as had been slain, with those who returned in safety, openly rebelled. The King sent Amasis to quell this insurrection; but, instead of bringing the rebels back to their allegiance, he was persuaded to place himself at their head. An outrage committed by the King upon Patarbemis, who had vainly endeavoured to negotiate with Amasis, exasperated even those who had hitherto sided with Apries, and the greater part without hesitation deserting him, and going over to the rebels, the King was left with only the auxiliary troops about him; at the head of whom, consisting of about thirty thousand Ionians and Carians, he prepared to oppose the enemy. Apries was defeated, carried prisoner to Saïs, and afterwards yielded up, with some reluctance on the part of Amasis, to the Egyptians, by whom he was put to death. Apries is the Pharaoh Hophra of the Bible, and his death, with its attendant circumstances, is thus foretold by Jeremiah: "I will give Pharaoh Hophra, King of Egypt, into the hands of his enemies, and into the hands of them that seek his life."

This apparent treachery of Amasis rests, however, solely upon the authority of Herodotus,—or rather upon the accounts which that writer received from the Egyptian priests: there is some reason to suspect that Amasis was partly the subordinate agent of one of the most powerful monarchs of antiquity, Nebuchadnezzar. This conqueror, according to Josephus, "led an army into Cœlo-Syria, of which he obtained possession, and then waged war on the Ammonites and Moabites. These being subdued, he invaded and conquered Egypt; and, having put the king of that country to death, he appointed another in his stead." Whether Amasis had solicited the aid of the Assyrian monarch in furtherance of his rebellious project, or had merely taken advantage of the disaffection of the Egyptians to advance his ambitious views, we can readily imagine that the Assyrians, having extended their conquests to the extremity of Palestine, would, on the rumour of intestine commotions in Egypt, hasten to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded them of attacking the country. The prophecy of Isaiah was accomplished: "And the Egyptians will I give into the hand of a cruel lord, and a fierce king shall rule over them." Many were carried captive to Babylon; and Amasis became king of Egypt, tributary to Nebuchadnezzar. The latter fact, proved by the title *Melek*, which was given to inferior or tributary kings, being applied to Amasis in some of the hieroglyphs.

Phic legends respecting him, would account for the silence of the priests towards Herodotus on the subject of the Assyrian invasion. Without mentioning the disgrace which had befallen their country, and the interposition of a foreign power, they attributed the elevation of Amasis solely to his ambition and the disloyalty of the Egyptian soldiery.

But it was not ambition nor the love of conquest alone which led Nebuchadnezzar to attack Egypt; he was actuated also by revenge. Zedekiah had been made king of Judea by the Assyrian monarch, but, endeavouring to throw off the Babylonian yoke, he made a treaty with Apries for that purpose. The latter monarch, however, being engaged in war with the Syrians, could not afford any material assistance to his ally; and, although "Pharaoh's army was come out of Egypt, and when the Chaldeans that besieged Jerusalem heard tidings of them, they departed from Jerusalem," yet, when the army of Apries had retired, the King of Babylon, again advancing to the city, succeeded in taking it, in the eleventh year of Zedekiah, raised it to the ground, and carried away the remainder of the people captive. The 29th chapter of Ezekiel describes the power of Apries and his pride; reproaching him with having failed in the protection of Judea, and prophesying the waste of Egypt by the Babylonian conqueror. If we reflect upon the character of Nebuchadnezzar, we may well imagine that he needed no further stimulus to his revengeful feelings than the possibility of success, to induce him to invade the kingdom of Apries; and his vindictive spirit might require the death of his deposed enemy, of which Amasis might be the unwilling instrument.

The mild conduct and political sagacity of Amasis conciliated the affections of the Egyptians. From dawn of day to such time as the public square was filled with people, he gave audience to whoever required it: the rest of the day he spent at the table, diverting himself with his guests in a manner not quite consonant with the dignity of a monarch. Some of his friends having remonstrated with him upon this conduct, he replied, "They who have a bow, bend it only at the time they want it; when not in use, they suffer it to be relaxed; it would otherwise break, and not be of service when exigence required. It is precisely the same with a man, if, without some intervals of amusement, he applied himself constantly to serious pursuits, he would imperceptibly lose his vigour both of mind and body. It is the conviction of this truth which influences me in the division of my time." Amasis instituted a law, obliging every Egyptian once in the year to explain to the chief magistrate of his district the means by which he obtained his subsistence. The refusal to comply with this ordinance, or the not being able to prove that a livelihood was procured by honest means, was a capital offence. This law was also established in Athens, by Draco; and Solon commuted the punishment of death to that of infamy, against all those who had thrice offended.

After remedying the evils that civil commotion had caused, Amasis turned his attention to the commercial and military interests of Egypt. Having fitted out a formidable expedition against Cyprus, he subjected that island to his power; being the first who had compelled it to pay tribute. In order to encourage such foreigners as were willing to trade with his subjects, (the Greeks especially,) he permitted the latter people to have a settlement at Naucratis, which soon became a flourishing town, in consequence of the exclusive privileges it enjoyed; every merchant being required to unload his cargo there, or, if contrary winds prevented his making that port, his goods were taken out, and conveyed in boats of the country by inland navigation, through or round the Delta, to Naucratis. Amasis also permitted the Greeks to build a very spacious and celebrated temple at Hellenium, accompanied by many exclusive privileges and distinctions. He likewise presented a large contribution to the Delphians, towards rebuilding the temple, which had been consumed by fire; and, having made an amicable confederacy with the Cyrenians, he sent a golden statue of Minerva, with a portrait of himself, to their city. The last-named gift shows that the art of painting was known to the Egyptians, although it does not seem to have been carried to any perfection by them. "The fine arts never flourished on the banks of the Nile. Hermes may have invented the lyre, but he left it to be sounded by the muses of Greece." Tacitus asserts that the Egyptians knew the art of designing before they were acquainted with letters. Is it not so in every country? Hieroglyphics are merely elaborate signs for things, used before man is able to condense and arrange his ideas; in process of time hieroglyphics become simplified into an alphabet. In Egypt, this would have

disclosed the hidden mysteries and science of the priests; therefore the use of hieroglyphics was encouraged by them. Compare our Roman alphabet with the Hebrew, the Syriac, or the Greek; how much more simple it is: the ancient Etruscan and Persepolitan characters only exceed it in this respect. That the art of painting is scarcely, if not quite, as old as that of drawing, is shown by colourings on the walls at Thebes, and in many edifices of Upper Egypt. The lips of the oldest Hindu idols are, many of them, coloured red; and this use of mineral substances seems to be almost coeval with man. It follows that the savage, having coloured his own body, would, when led to it by circumstances, make coloured representations of the objects around him. The Mexicans had pictures when invaded by Cortez, but the Mexicans had lost their civilization.

Besides the presents above mentioned, Amasis gave to the temple of Minerva at Sindus, said to have been built by Danaüs, two marble statues and a linen corslet, "deserving of admiration;" and to the temple of Juno at Samos, two figures of himself carved in wood. The kindness shown by Amasis to Samos was owing to the friendship which subsisted between him and Polycrates, the son of Eceas, who had forcibly possessed himself of that island. "But the wonderful prosperity and uninterrupted successes of Polycrates excited the attention and anxiety of Amasis; and, as they were observed by him continually to increase, he was induced to write him the following letter:

"AMASIS TO POLYCRATES.

"To learn that a friend and ally is blessed with prosperity, cannot fail to give me the greatest satisfaction; but, knowing the invidiousness of fortune, your extraordinary success excites my apprehension. For my own part, if I might be allowed to choose for myself or those I regard, I should prefer prosperity on some occasions, on others disappointment, and thus pass through life with an alternation of good and evil, rather than be fortunate in every undertaking. For I never remember to have heard of a man blessed with unceasing felicity who did not end his career overwhelmed with calamities. Take, therefore, my advice, and apply this counterpoise to your prosperity; endeavour to discover some favourite object whose loss would occasion you the deepest regret; and, as soon as this has been ascertained, remove it from you in such a manner that it can never be recovered. If, then, your good fortune still continues unchecked by adversity, I strongly recommend you to repeat the remedy I propose."

Polycrates, having seriously deliberated upon this singular piece of advice, determined to follow it; and, accordingly, he fixed upon a signet ring, which he was in the habit of wearing, as being, of all his treasures, that which he the most valued. This ring has been the subject of some controversy. Herodotus calls it an emerald set in gold; Pliny says it was a sardonius, adding, that in his time they showed a ring at Rome, in the temple of Concord, given by Augustus, which was said to be that of the Samian king. The matter is scarcely interesting beyond the evidence it gives of the art of engraving on precious stones being practised at this time. Resolving to sacrifice the ring, he embarked on board a fifty-oared vessel, and, being taken to a considerable distance from the land, he threw the jewel into the sea, in the presence of his attendants, and returned to Samos. The sacrifice, though voluntary, afflicted him much; but five or six days after, a fisherman, having caught a fish of great size and beauty, brought it to the palace as a present to the king, deeming it too fine to be exposed for sale in the market. Polycrates, gratified with the attention, ordered the man his supper in the palace. Shortly after, the servants, on opening the fish, discovered the ring, which the king received joyfully, and concluding that such a circumstance could only be the effect of divine interposition, carefully noted down every particular, and sent it to Egypt. Amasis, on perusing his friend's letter, felt convinced that it was out of the power of one mortal to deliver another from the fate which awaited him; and, fearing that Polycrates could not terminate his days in tranquillity, he sent a herald to Samos, disclaiming all future connexion with him lest, in any calamity which might befall Polycrates, he might be obliged, as a friend and ally, to bear a part.

This conduct certainly reflects no credit on the moral character of Amasis, however consonant it might be with policy. But Diodorus gives a very different reason for his withdrawal from the alliance of Polycrates: disgust at the tyrannical conduct of the latter, not only towards his own subjects but to strangers; conduct which must eventually bring about his ruin. This historian is confirmed by other writers, Herodotus among the rest, respecting the disaffection of the Samians towards their king: several of them fled to Crete; and Polycrates, suspecting the fidelity of others, and perhaps willing to revenge himself for the desertion of Amasis, sent to Cambyzes, who was then meditating the invasion of Egypt,

entreating him to demand supplies and assistance of the Samians. With this private intimation Cambyzes publicly complied; and the Samian king, selecting those whose loyalty he doubted, sent them in forty triremes to Cambyzes, requesting him by all means to prevent their return. These people, however, instead of proceeding to their destination, repaired to Sparta, and implored the assistance of the Lacedemonians, which was granted; and an army was embarked against Polycrates, in which expedition the Corinthians also joined. The fleet besieged Samos; but, after remaining forty days before the place without any advantage, the Lacedemonians returned to Greece; while those Samians who had taken up arms against Polycrates, seeing themselves forsaken by their allies, embarked for Siphnos, one of the Cyclades. These islands were all eminently beautiful, and each was distinguished by some appropriate excellence. From Paros came the marble whose beauty has furnished the poet with similes in ancient and modern times; Andros and Naxos produced the most exquisite wine; Amegos was famous for a dye, made from a lichen growing there in great abundance; and the riches of Siphnos, now Siphanto, are extolled by many ancient writers. At this time the power of the Siphnians was very considerable; and, being insulted by the Samian ambassadors, they collected their forces to expel the strangers, but were defeated, and compelled to pay a hundred talents.

To return to Polycrates. Oroetes, a Persian, and governor of Sardis, having been reproached by a companion for never having attempted to add Samos to the dominions of his master, lying contiguous, as the island did, to the province which he governed, determined to effect the death of Polycrates, on whose account he had been reproached. Knowing the character of the Samian king, and that he projected the subjection of Ionia and the islands, Oroetes despatched a messenger to him, with intimation that Cambyzes having determined on the death of the Persian, he had resolved to escape, and was willing to place himself and his wealth at the disposal of Polycrates; by which means the latter might easily obtain the sovereignty of Greece. With these overtures the king was extremely delighted, for his love of money was excessive; and, after sending a messenger to meet Oroetes, he sailed himself for Magnesia, accompanied by many of his friends. As soon, however, as he arrived at that place, he was put to a miserable death by Oroetes, and his body fixed to a cross. His friends were dismissed to Samos, but the servants of those who had accompanied the king were detained in servitude. Thus terminated the life of Polycrates, "of all the princes who ever reigned in Greece, those of Syracuse alone excepted, the most magnificent." The alliance or friendship of Amasis could not have saved Polycrates from this fate; and, in fact, the storm which at this period impended over Egypt might have involved him in the fate of that country, while it would have prevented Amasis from giving him any assistance against his rebellious subjects, had the latter been inclined to do so. But here again good springs from evil. Diodorus and other authors affirm that it was the tyranny, not the recommendation of Polycrates, which drove the "Samian sage," Pythagoras, from his native island to Egypt, there to study the religious mysteries of the priests, and to acquire those profound scientific truths which modern investigation has but confirmed, scarcely surpassed. Thales and Solon also visited Egypt during the reign of Amasis; the latter carrying back with him the foundations of those laws which have rendered the Athenian code so celebrated. Let us inquire in what state was science in Egypt in the reign of Amasis. Even the Greeks themselves inform us that geometry was studied in Egypt from the most remote antiquity. According to Plato, this science was invented by Thoth, to whom the Egyptians were indebted for the use of letters,—according to Manetho, before the flood. Upon this intricate subject we will not enter; merely noticing that the dispassionate and lucid author of "Origines" "sees no reason why the fact should be deemed improbable." The erection of the pyramids is sufficient to show a considerable proficiency in geometry; and as to astronomy, is not our present system that which Pythagoras learned in Egypt? for we believe that the opinion that Pythagoras, at the age of twenty-two, carried into that country more learning and science than the priests, devoted to its acquisition, had been able to obtain in the course of many centuries, is now exploded. Admitting that Pythagoras went into Egypt for the purpose of acquiring knowledge, not of transmitting it, what degree of knowledge did he acquire? He was taught that the sun was the centre of the planetary system; to attempt to measure the distance between the earth, the sun, and the moon; to determine the size of these orbs; and to calculate the periods of the revolutions of the stars and

planets. Pythagoras understood the cause of a lunar eclipse, and held the same opinion as the moderns respecting the nature of the moon,—its mountains, valleys, and seas; his disciples described the diurnal motion of the earth; and they likewise taught that the diameter of the moon is about a third of that of the earth: modern astronomers have determined it to be greater than a fourth. They also said that the moon's mass is to that of the earth as 1 to 72; Bernoulli says, as 1 to 71. The Pythagoreans understood the form of the comets' courses, and gave hints of a plurality of habitable worlds. All this shows an advanced stage of astronomical science. How the Egyptian priests had acquired it,—whether it were the remains of antediluvian learning, imperfectly transmitted by the great patriarch to the renewed world, or whether it were the fruit of the incessant application of the Egyptian priests, we can only conjecture; but the first supposition acquires some credit from the fact that the Egyptians omitted no place among the constellations some of the most remarkable of the animals which they adored; while they acknowledged the figures of the bear and the lion, animals which they could be acquainted with only by description.

The Egyptians could scarcely be ignorant of the use of the mechanical powers in the age of Amasis. That monarch erected at Saïs a splendid building in honour of Minerva; "but, what in my opinion," says Herodotus, "deserves the greatest admiration, is an edifice of a single stone, brought from the city of Elephantine, a distance of about twenty days' journey. Two thousand men, chosen from the class of boatmen, were employed for the space of three years in transporting it to Saïs. Its external length is twenty cubits, its breadth fourteen, and height eight; and, in the inside, it measures eighteen cubits and twenty digits in length, twelve in breadth, and five in height. It stands near the entrance of the temple; and the reason of its being left in this spot was that the architect, wearied with the tedious duration of the undertaking, had been heard to fetch a deep sigh, while they were employed in dragging it forward; upon which Amasis, who happened to be present, gave orders they should stop and carry it no further. Some, however, affirm, that one of the men while moving it with a lever was crushed to death, and that on this account they were ordered to desist." From Elephantine to Assuan, where the granite quarries may still be seen, to Saïs, is about 700 miles by land; the river must have been crossed once at least. Many monuments still exist in different parts of Egypt, bearing the name of Amasis, pre-erecting memorials of the encouragement which he gave to architecture, and other branches of art. May we not rejoice when we read that this monarch died six months before the invasion of Cambyzes? Having reigned forty-four years, feared and respected, and having succeeded in the latter part of his reign in freeing his country from the Babylonian tribute, he was spared the misery of seeing Egypt fall under a more oppressive conqueror even than Nebuchadnezzar; a conqueror who amply fulfilled the sacred prophecy, that Egypt should be "utterly waste and desolate. It shall be the base of kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations." The Persian iconoclasts doomed to destruction the monuments of Egyptian learning and science; and it has been truly said that "it was the superstition, and not the science, of Egypt, that survived the iron rule of her Persian despots."

Of the fine arts in Egypt little need be said. We have seen that they were acquainted with painting; their linen and embroidery, we learn in the Bible, were highly esteemed; the coarsenet given by Amasis to the temple of Minerva at Lindus was "of linen, but there were interwoven in the piece a great number of animals richly embroidered with cotton and gold: every part of it deserved admiration: it was composed of chains, each of which contained three hundred and sixty threads distinctly visible." Glass was in use with the Egyptians for various purposes; Herodotus, who lived about a century after Amasis, says, that in Ethiopia it was so abundant that coffins were made of it; it has even been said that the Egyptians knew the art of making glass malleable. It is probable that they were even acquainted with the formation and use of lenses.

As early as the time of Moses, the Egyptians understood the arts of tanning and dyeing. Josephus says that the purple dye was obtained from a flower; but it was the *Ichthyophagi* who presented the purple robe to Cambyzes, according to Herodotus, and this makes it more likely to have been procured from a species of murex. The lately explored remains of Petra show that the Edomites knew that water will rise to its own level; and we might almost imagine, from the account of Herodotus, that the Arabians supplied the army of Cambyzes with water upon the same principle.

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.

SINCE we last noticed this curious and interesting discovery, Mr. Talbot has, with a liberality worthy of a philosopher and a lover of his country, communicated his whole process in a letter to the Secretary of the Royal Society, and, by thus putting the world in possession of the secret of the art, has taken the most certain means of ensuring its perfection. The short and simple process for preparing the sensitive paper, on which the drawing is to be made, is as follows:—The paper, which should be of a good firm quality and smooth surface, such as superfine writing-paper, which has been found to answer exceedingly well, is dipped into a weak solution of common salt, and wiped dry, by which means the salt is uniformly distributed throughout its substance. A solution of nitrate of silver, six or eight times diluted with water, is then spread over one surface only, and dried by the fire; and the paper is fit for use. The paper thus prepared, although it is sufficiently sensitive for receiving the impression of a strong light or a summer sun, is not adapted for use in the camera obscura. To obtain this degree of sensibility, it is again dipped in a weak solution of salt, wiped dry, and again washed with the solution of nitrate of silver, each succeeding operation gradually increasing the sensibility; and this is repeated until the necessary degree is obtained. If, however, it is repeated too often, the paper is apt to darken of itself, which shows that the operation has been carried too far. "The object," says Mr. Talbot, "is to approach to the extreme of sensibility as near as possible, without reaching it; so that the substance may be in a state ready to yield to the slightest extraneous force, such as the feeble impact of the violet rays when much attenuated. Having, therefore, prepared a number of sheets of paper, with chemical proportions slightly different from one another, let a piece be cut from each, and, having been duly marked or numbered, let them be placed side by side in a very weak diffused light for about a quarter of an hour; then if any one of them, as frequently happens, exhibits a marked advantage over its competitors, I select the paper which bears the corresponding number to be placed in the camera obscura."

There are two methods of fixing the drawings and destroying the sensibility of the paper as soon as the requisite impression has been procured. The first is a weak solution of *iodide of potassium*, which, when washed over the prepared paper, forms an iodide of silver, which is absolutely unalterable by sunshine. Care is necessary in its use, for if it be too strong, it attacks the dark parts of the picture. It is therefore advisable to make trial of it before use.

The other mode is more simple and quite as efficacious, but it may excite surprise to find that insensibility is produced by one of the very agents used to procure sensitiveness. It is nothing more than to dip the picture into a strong solution of salt, wipe off the superfluous moisture, and dry it. Hence it appears that the sensibility of the paper entirely depends upon the proportions between the salt and the nitrate of silver, and that when these are varied the effect is no longer the same. "When," continues Mr. Talbot, "the picture thus washed with salt, and dried, is placed in the sun, the white parts colour themselves of a pale lilac tint, after which they become insensible. Numerous experiments have shown to me that the depth of this lilac tint varies according to the quantity of salt used relatively to the quantity of silver; but, by properly adjusting these, the images may, if desired, be retained of an absolute whiteness. Those preserved by *iodine* are always of a very pale primrose yellow, which has the extraordinary and very remarkable property of turning to a full gaudy yellow whenever it is exposed to the heat of a fire, and recovering its former colour again when it is cold."

It does not appear that the process by which Mr. Talbot obtains these effects is the same as that of M. Daguerre; but, as that gentleman still keeps his method secret, we cannot determine the point. It appears that M. Daguerre has not done full justice to M. Niepce, from whom, he says, he received the *first hint* of the process, who appears to have been quite as far advanced in the process in 1829 as M. Daguerre is in 1839, and that he had even succeeded in obtaining impressions on paper taken from the *positive* plates used by him in his process. Neither M. Daguerre nor M. Niepce (who died several years ago) appears to have succeeded in rendering paper susceptible, all their experiments having been made with metal plates.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

It was on a lovely morning in the spring-time of summer, that the coach stopped at the gate of a pleasant country-house, where bewildering shrubberies, fair lawns, and brilliant flowers, were the fit ornaments to the hospitable mansion they surrounded. A traveller, a portmanteau, and, though last not least, a hat-box, that *sine qua non* of a masculine wanderer, were deposited. A hat-box is a mysterious thing; what wonders are not, or may not be, contained within that little insignificant case—especially if the hat-box comes from foreign climes? But it was not so in this instance, and it contained nothing contraband;—nothing save a hat, which would have been the envy of Rotten-row, had it ever been exposed to that dusty atmosphere. But as yet it was virgin,—unpolluted by any zephyr. Its master rang at the gate impatiently, and the lodge-keeper quickly answered; but ere the traveller set his feet within the gate, a surly, pugnacious animal of the canine species flew at him, and did his best to make acquaintance, an intimate and particularly disagreeable acquaintance, with his legs. This rude and unlooked-for mode of salutation was promptly returned by a somewhat severe chastisement from the cane carried by the traveller—the dog ran away howling. The lodge-keeper looked aghast.—"Sir," said he, "Sir, do you know what you have done?—you have beaten Solomon."—"Beaten him! of course I have," replied the traveller; "why do you suffer such an ill-conditioned brute about the place?"—"Ah, Sir, he is somewhat of a cur to be sure, but he is our young mistress's pet for all that; and no one here dares to beat him. But allow me to conduct you to the house." So saying, the man took up the portmanteau and hat-box, and led the way. The stranger followed, but, sighing, said, "Alas, my friend! 'Love me, love my dog,' may be a true saying, but it augurs ill."

Julius Ormond found his friend Jefferson in his dressing-room, sitting before a secretaire, and plunged in so deep a reverie that he did not at first perceive his entrance. He looks tolerably unhappy for a bridegroom, thought Julius, but it is certainly a bold undertaking for a man to rush into matrimony, especially when one's mistress has such a pet as Solomon. "How is it with you, my friend," said he, approaching Jefferson, who started from a reverie; "when is the marriage-day?"

"I hardly know; three days hence, I believe," replied the bewildered bridegroom.

"You believe! you are an ardent lover. Come, come, there is something wrong here. Tell me what all this means."

"Hush, hush," said Jefferson, "take care what you say; the very walls have ears."

"There," said Ormond, seating himself close to his friend, "now we are literally *ête-à-ête*, open up your griefs.—Now begin."

"Ah!" said Jefferson, heaving a deep sigh, "when I wrote to you to come down here to Mr. Anderson's, I was in an excess of enthusiasm; I beheld the future through a flattering medium, and everything was *couleur de rose*."

"And now you have seen the reverse of the medal?" inquired Ormond. "I can guess at the evil. There is a deficiency in the portion?"

"Quite the contrary. It is double what I expected."

"Then I suppose there is something objectionable in the connexions of the family. A cousin has been hanged or sent to Sydney at the expense of the public?"

"No such thing, the family is as respectable as any in the county."

"Well then, Miss Celestina owes her figure to her stay-maker? I have hit the mark at last."

"You are wider than ever. Her figure is as light and symmetrical as a Grecian nymph, the votress of Diana."

"Then there is a lover in the case?"

"No such thing; I am quite positive she has never loved any one."

"Except Solomon."

"Oh," groaned Jefferson, "you have seen that brute then? Has he bitten you?"

"No, but I have beaten him."

"God bless you for it. That cursed animal is the cause of all my cares."

"How so?"

"Why, you know I abominate all animals, particularly dogs. He, I suppose, saw my antipathy in my face; for, from the moment I came here, he has lost no opportunity of annoying me. The first time he bit me, I laughed; the second, I looked black;

the third, I begged that he might be tied up; but I had far better have tied my tongue and suffered in silence. Mr. Anderson thought my complaints very reasonable, and ordered the beast to his kennel; but Celestina—pity me, my friend! Oh, I was "a hard-hearted monster,—a wretch, to wish to deprive the innocent animal of his natural liberty; my conduct was a sample of the tyranny of man, who always domineers over the weak; it was a sample of my conduct to a wife: was I not aware that liberty was the gift of Heaven, and that he who deprived the meanest creature of its birthright was a miserable wretch!" Oh, how my ears have ached with the reverberation of her reiterated reproaches! Thus we have gone on for a whole week, and this abominable Solomon is a stumbling-block in the way of my marriage. His barking might be borne, but he bites."

"Pooh, pooh," replied Ormond, "why should you quarrel with your intended about a dog? You must put up with it till the wedding-day is over, and the first thing you do the next morning will be of course to shoot him."

"I have tried to comfort myself with that idea, but these disputes have drawn forth so much of Celestina's character, that I begin to be alarmed at the prospect of the future. She is so capricious, wilful, unreasonable—in fact, quite a spoiled child."

Ormond, after changing his travelling dress, accompanied his friend to the drawing-room, where they found their host, the intended father-in-law of Jefferson, and shortly before dinner was announced they were joined by two ladies: the first, a pretty woman, about twenty-five, the young wife of an old gentleman, who was in conversation with Mr. Anderson at their entrance, was scarcely glanced at by Ormond; but the sight of the second sent the blood to his heart, and thence, though he was all unused to blush, it mounted, in despite of all his efforts at stoicism, to his temples. It was she, that lovely, sparkling unknown, whose eyes had found their way to his heart one well-remembered night at the opera, and whom he had vainly sought for since. His confusion caused him so much embarrassment, as he paid his compliments to the ladies, that his friend began to be ashamed of the awkward bridegroom he had chosen, but the announcement of dinner put an end to all further difficulties. Ormond seized the opportunity, and, perceiving that Jefferson was very backward in proffering his services, offered his arm to Celestina, and thus contrived to sit next her at dinner, in the course of which he used all his art to penetrate the character of a woman, whose conduct gave so much uneasiness to her future husband. She was so young and unsophisticated, so slender and buoyant, so much a child, that you felt almost inclined to inquire after her doll. Her figure, at once regular and delicate, presented a most charming contour. Her large black eyes, whose cloudy radiance seemed to presage lightnings, and yet shone with the brightness of innocence, spread a charm around her which it was difficult to withstand.

It is needless to follow the proceedings of dinner, although to Ormond they were of very considerable importance, so great was the charm of the fair girl by whom he sat, so original were the few remarks she let fall; her manner was so marked by the playful impetuosity of a spoiled child, and yet so chastened by womanly dignity, that he much wondered that his friend Jefferson, his senior, by the way, of some five years, should have taken the affair of the dog so much to heart. The dinner ended at last, the ladies withdrew; and the younger gentlemen, after paying proper attention to their host's claret, left him and his more ancient friend to enjoy the last bottle and the last scrap of politics by themselves, and sought the more agreeable charms of female society. They found the ladies in the billiard-room, where Celestina was making the balls bound as wildly as her own joyous spirits. They agreed to form a party, two against two, and drawing lots for partners, Fortune for once was wise, and the affianced pair were opposed to Ormond and Mrs. De Quincy.

Celestina entered into the game with all the vivacity of infancy, now laughing at her adversaries, then scolding her partner, and herself when she failed; vexed when she could not laugh, and laughing after each vexation. The game was nearly ended, and Celestina danced with joy. Three points more would win the game, and if the red ball were pocketed it would be secure. It was Jefferson's turn, and, according to his custom, he took a long and steady aim, but, whilst he was deliberately poisoning his cue, the impatient Celestina rested her white hand on the cushion, and looked into his eyes. His aim was altogether distracted, and he pocketed his own ball without touching any other, and the game was lost. Celestina screamed aloud, and stamped her little foot. "You abominable creature!" cried she; "a child could have made the stroke,"—and her eyes flashed lightnings.

"I was looking at you," said poor Jefferson, with a contrite aspect.

"Looking at me! I never look at you. I tell you, you have done it on purpose!"

"We shall win the next game," supplicated Jefferson.

"Win it by yourself then. I shall play no more." So saying, the wilful girl walked to the window, and began to play the galopade in Gustavus upon the glass.

Vexed to his soul, poor Jefferson challenged Mrs. De Quincy and Ormond, offering to play alone against them, but Mrs. De Quincy declined, and, seating herself on a bench overlooking the table, declared she would rather take a lesson from the young men. They began to play, Ormond with indifference, Jefferson measuring each stroke with the utmost care, and, from too great nicety, missing several. Celestina still drummed the galopade upon the window. At length, just as the game was thrown into Jefferson's hands, and he, with the characteristic indecision of weak minds, was balancing his cue, and pondering upon his stroke, she threw open the window and called to the gardener, who was passing below.

"Where is Solomon? Let him loose directly. It is inhuman to deprive him of his liberty. Send him to me directly."

The man obeyed. Solomon bounded in through the window just as Jefferson had adjusted his cue. At a signal from his mistress, Solomon bounded on the table, and seized the all-important ball; Jefferson flew to rescue it, and for his pains was bitten through the hand. In his desperation he struck the brute with the butt-end of the cue, and the dog retreated under the table howling.

"What, Sir," cried Celestina, her cheeks glowing, and her eyes flashing with anger, "do you dare to beat my dog?"

Poor Jefferson thought within himself, now is the time to show my marital authority; and, holding out his bleeding hand, he struck the dog again.

"You wretch!" cried Celestina; and she raised her little hand with the full intention of repaying Solomon's wrongs on the ears of Mr. Jefferson; but, at the moment, Mrs. De Quincy quitted her elevated post and ran to interfere.

"Celestina!" she cried; and, by a violent effort, that most irascible of spoiled children withheld her hand. But tears of passion rolled down her beautiful cheeks. Solomon, emboldened by the turn of fortune in his favour, crept from his intrenchment, and commenced an attack upon his foe, but the judicious Ormond quietly took him by the neck and tail, and, throwing him out of the window, closed it against him.

Meantime Miss Anderson had gained the door and opened it; then turning back, her face all glowing, and some bright drops of pearl still sparkling on her cheeks, she thus addressed her future husband—

"Wretch that you are, I hate you! do not deceive yourself, I will never be yours. You strike Solomon! I had rather be beaten myself. I detest you; do you understand me! I hate and abhor you, and I won't marry you."

So saying, Celestina, accompanied by Mrs. De Quincy, quitted the room, and drew to the door with a noise that shook the room.

"Well," said Ormond, after a silence of some minutes, to his friend, who remained lost in thought, with his chin on his breast, and his hands clasped before him, "well; what think you of this gentle exhibition of your intended?"

"I won't have her; my mind's made up. I tell you I would sooner marry a fury.—Marry, indeed; why was I ever such a fool as to think of marrying? I! and I had such a comfortable little establishment at home; all so quiet, so regular. Rachel is an excellent cook; James, the best of valets, never gives me any trouble; and Bob is so good a groom, that my horses are never lame; what the mischief possessed me when I wished to marry?—and to fall in love with a tigress.—I've done with it. But what shall I say to her father! The wedding-day is fixed, and, despite all she has said in anger, I shall be obliged to fulfil my engagements; and if I meet her again—"

"Leave that to me, my dear friend," said Ormond, "it is easily arranged. You have an uncle, a rich uncle?"

"Certainly, my uncle Edwards, from whom I have great expectations. Ah, when he dies I am sure of ten thousand."

"Well; he is dying. He had an apoplectic attack last night."

"He had! How came you to know it?"

"How came I to know it! My dear fellow, don't waste time inquiring, but set off at once! It will enable you to come to a decision. Absence is a sure test, and if this wild girl

really loves you, absence will try her. At any rate, the news of your uncle's illness will give you an excuse for absenting yourself for an indefinite time, without entirely breaking with this fair dragon."

"It is a good idea. Let us seek Mr. Anderson."

They found Mr. Anderson in his private room, which he dignified by the name of a study, but when he heard Mr. Jefferson's statement, he looked rather blank.

"Come, come, my friend," he said, "I have heard all about that foolish affair of the dog: you ought not to take offence at it. A child's trick, a child's trick! A wife will know better. I trust you are not playing me false."

Ormond, seeing Jefferson wavering, stepped forward. "I assure you, my dear sir, that such is not the case. I myself, I am sorry to say, am the bearer of this sad news; but, knowing that there was no conveyance to town till the evening, I concealed them until the latest moment, in order to spare the feelings of my friend. The coach will pass your door within a quarter of an hour, and we must take our leaves hastily, though unwillingly."

"If it must be so, it must," said Mr. Anderson, slowly rising out of his comfortable arm-chair. "I like not to see marriages delayed. You will return quickly."

"As soon as possible," murmured Jefferson.

"Will you not take leave of the ladies?" said Mr. Anderson.

"Alas! it is impossible," replied Ormond, with great quickness; "my friend has not yet prepared anything for his departure."

"But you, at any rate, need not depart, Mr. Ormond," remonstrated Mr. Anderson. "No, no, we shall keep you as a hostage for Mr. Jefferson."

By no means displeased at this arrangement, Ormond hurried Jefferson away, and, after receiving from him a letter to Celestina, renouncing all claim to her hand, and referring particularly to her behaviour respecting the dog, with a slight reference to the superior excellence of his cook Rachel, Ormond at last succeeded in starting his friend and his pattern valet James, the one in, the other outside the coach, and then resumed his way to the house with a tranquillised mind. Here he passed a delightful evening, the *enfant gâté* was all smiles, and when he bent over her at the piano and requested his favourite pieces, the joyous, pure, and free-hearted glances that met his eyes carried him away into the regions of enchantment. And when, at her request, the trio, Mrs. De Quincy, Celestina, and Ormond, joined in a glee, he sang (he had many times been praised for his pure bass) he sang with an earnestness, a desire of doing well, that he had never felt before.

When he sat in the quietude of his own room, he thought to himself, is this the spoiled child of whom I have heard so much? the girl, whose mind is nothing but a light thing, that can be turned by the power of society? I cannot believe it. She is evidently a child of nature, totally unacquainted with the artifices which teach the practised to conceal their feelings. It is evident that she does not love Jefferson, and I feel very certain that I love her myself. I shall lose no time in acquitting myself of my commission, and he will have no cause to complain if I turn to the fair one he abandons.

Days passed on, and Ormond was lost in the contemplation of this young girl, whose beauty had a seduction for him which he could hardly bring himself to acknowledge. By turns thoughtless as a child, and pensive as a woman, in wild spirits in the morning, and melancholy at night, petulant and serious, she seemed an enigma, and Ormond hesitated. A letter from Jefferson roused him. Absence had calmed his spirit, and he begged his friend, if he had not already delivered the message with which he was charged, and altogether broken the match, to act the part of a peacemaker, and endeavour to move Celestina in his favour. No, no, my friend, thought Ormond, I cannot allow you to be thus fickle: you surrendered Celestina, and have now lost all right to interfere. However, I will put an end to this at once. If she refuses me, she may take you and welcome, but not otherwise. Brimful of valour, he determined to seek Celestina; and at length found her sitting in a pleasant summer-house, with Mrs. De Quincy. The sunbeams poured full upon her beautiful Italian head as she bent over her work, and reflected from her banded hair, shone around her like a glory. As Julius entered, she raised her head, and, dazzled by the light, requested him to draw down the blind. The window looked out upon a lane which ran at the back of the garden. As Julius unfastened the string which kept up the blind, he perceived the head of a man, who, by the aid of the inequalities of the wall, had clambered up to the

window, and, in this extraordinary spy, he recognised his friend Jefferson. His first thought was to throw one of the flower-pots under his hand upon the intruder's head, and crush him like a second Pyrrhus; but his virtue triumphed over this homicidal temptation, and he contented himself with drawing down the blind, giving no sign that he had perceived Jefferson, and shutting the window, which, on second thoughts, he re-opened.

Jefferson had tormented himself with doubts ever since his return to London. His friend's silence surprised him; and, as the dread of Solomon vanished, his remembrance of his mistress's beauty grew stronger. His impatience grew at length so strong, that, after sending his letter to Ormond, he could not wait for a reply, but got on the first coach, and was set down near Mr. Anderson's house. Then again irresolution came upon him. He did not know in what character he should be received, and whether, if Ormond had followed his first instructions, his visit would not be considered as a gross insult. He recollected that Celestina was accustomed to sit in the summer-house in the afternoon, and it occurred to him that by climbing to the window he might gather sufficient from the conversation between her and Mrs. De Quincy to satisfy his doubts. There were seldom any passers in the lane, and, as the summer-house was situated at an angle of the wall, and the bricks were worn, the ascent was easy. He was in the act of ascending when he espied Ormond, and he drew back, flattering himself that he was unperceived. As soon as the blind was let down he regained his position, and established himself with his feet resting in a gap in the wall, and his hands firmly grasping the iron balcony of the window, and thus, with his head snugly enconcealed behind a flower-pot, he settled himself to listen.

There was a long silence. Ormond was seated on a stool very near Celestina, but he knew not how to begin a conversation, and he looked with imploring eyes towards Mrs. De Quincy, who, though she understood him full well, for she had read his thoughts long before, would not help him. At length, with a wicked meaning in her speech, she said, "Have you heard nothing of Mr. Jefferson lately?"

Ormond saw her meaning, and hesitated for a moment; but, quickly resuming self-possession, he answered, "Yes, Madam, I have received a letter from him, announcing his return, and he has commissioned me to inform you of it."

"His uncle has then recovered?"

"I presume he has; but his illness was only an excuse, to afford my friend a delicate opportunity of withdrawing for a few days."

Celestina raised her head, and fixed her expressive eyes upon Ormond.

"If your friend," said she, with an emphasis on the word friend—"If your friend thought it necessary to absent himself, be assured, that I do not desire his return. Pray write, and tell him so."

"You should not be so revengeful," said Mrs. De Quincy, with affected good-nature; "if he repents and confesses his faults—if he confesses himself guilty of being bitten—if he throws himself on his knees, and implores your pardon, ought you not to grant him pardon?"

"What an excellent woman," said Jefferson, behind the flower-pot.

Miss Anderson was silent for a few moments, and then she softly said to Ormond, at whom, though sitting at her feet, she scarcely dared to look—"You, doubtless, are of Emily's opinion?"

A thrill ran through the frame of Julius, as, gently bending towards the beautiful girl, who sat motionless, her eyes cast down, but her emotion betrayed by the undulation of her snow-white garment, he murmured—"It is I who seek for pardon: I, who love you, and whom the very thought of this marriage plunges into despair. Celestina, my fate is in your hands, the happiness of my life depends on a word. Say, I beg of you,—on my knees I beg you—tell me that you will not marry him."

Celestina answered not, but the pressure of her hand, which he had seized, answered for her.

Mrs. De Quincy, with a wicked smile, quietly said, "It is certainly praiseworthy to plead a friend's cause, but there is no need of so much warmth. Besides, it is not good manners to whisper."

"He is pleading for me;—what will she answer?" said Jefferson, who began to find his position unpleasant.

Celestina rose, and, crossing the floor, sat down by the side of her friend, and hid her face in her bosom. At this moment

Jefferson tried to put aside the blind; a motion which was observed only by Ormond, who, changing his position, and approaching Mrs. De Quincy, said aloud—"Allow me to fulfil my commission. What answer shall I send to Jefferson?"

"Very proper," said Mrs. De Quincy, with a sort of maternal gravity; "it is time to make up your mind. If you love Mr. Jefferson, all these disputes are childish. If you do not love him, say so; and your father, I am sure, will not put any constraint on your feelings."

"I do not love him," said Celestina, in a firm voice.

Ormond looked round to the window, and perceived by the movement of the blind that these words had reached the ears of Jefferson.

"But you accepted him," said Mrs. De Quincy, in a half-mocking tone.

"I was so young and foolish," remonstrated Celestina. "I liked the thought of living in London; the match pleased my father; and I accepted the hand of Mr. Jefferson, without considering the importance of such an engagement. I am sure he did not look on it in any other light. Fortunately, experience has shewn us that we are not made for one another. I do not blame him; on the contrary, I am ready to confess that I alone am in the wrong. But I could not be happy with him. Why, then, should I marry him?"

"But if he comes back," said Ormond, "how will you receive him?"

"I shall repeat what I have now said."

"What! if he appeared suddenly before you, in a humble, suppliant attitude?"

"Yes—I tell you I don't love him, and I never will marry him."

Ormond, who stood close by the window, suddenly drew up the blind, and discovered the unhappy Jefferson to the astonished ladies.

"Good day, my dear friend," he cried; "how are you?"

Tired out with his fatiguing position, and overpowered by the smothered laughter of the spectators of his misery, Jefferson let go his hold, and fell prostrate in the lane.

Need we say more? No. Let us end like a good old nursery tale. But a few days more elapsed, and Ormond and Celestina were married; and Jefferson, like a sensible man, comforted himself with Mr. Anderson's good cheer, and danced at the wedding; the same night Solomon most unaccountably disappeared, and what is more wonderful, was never inquired after.

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND.

ITS INTRODUCTION AND EARLY STATE.

We know very little respecting Christianity in England under the Romans. That it flourished, and probably prevailed extensively, seems little doubtful: but beyond this, we know nothing with certainty. The great persecution which raged against the Christian religion during the reign of Diocletian, extended to Britain; and the town of St. Albans preserves in its name the memory of an eminent citizen, who, along with many others of his fellow-countrymen, whose names are not recorded, perished for their attachment to their faith. Towards the concluding period of the Roman dominion, the British ecclesiastics appear to have enjoyed some consideration in the Christian world, and to have shared in the noisy verbal theological disputes which agitated the church. Pelagius and Celestius were both Britons, the first being supposed to have been born in Wales, and the second in Ireland. These two men were travelling companions; they arrived in Rome about the beginning of the fifth century; and afterwards, by the propagation of their opinions, chiefly respecting original sin and free-will, raised a controversy, which extended to every part of the world where Christianity was professed.

The wars and rapine of the heathen Saxons extinguished almost every vestige of Christianity in England. Churches were destroyed, ecclesiastics were massacred, and the country appears to have been almost if not entirely destitute of all recollection or memory of that religion which, under the civilizing influence of Rome, appeared to have taken firm root within it. Then occurred that memorable incident recorded of Gregory surnamed the Great, which took place before he reached the papal chair. Passing through the streets of Rome, he was struck, in the marketplace, by the sight of some fair youths, who were exposed for sale as slaves. Impressed with the beauty of their forms, and their fair complexions, he inquired of what country they were, and was told that they were Angles, and belonged to a pagan race.

"Ah!" replied the ecclesiastic, "they would not be Angles but angels, if they were but Christians!" Pursuing his inquiries, he exclaimed, "Why should the Prince of darkness have such splendid subjects? Why should the mind be so dark when the form is so beautiful?" Through him, Austin and other monks were sent to England to preach Christianity. Ethelbert was then king of Kent, and he received the missionaries with great respect. His answer to their propositions is worthy of a more enlightened age:—"Your words and promises are very fair; but as they are new and uncertain, I cannot abandon that religion which I and the whole English nation have so long followed, to give credit to them. Nevertheless, as you are strangers here, and are come so far, through a desire, as it appears to us, of imparting to this kingdom the knowledge of those things which you believe to be true and most beneficial, we will not molest you, but receive you with kind hospitality, and take care to supply you with everything which you may want for your support; nor do we forbid you to persuade as many as you can, by preaching, to embrace the religion which you profess." The King appointed Canterbury for the residence of the strangers: and his conversion was followed by their obtaining many proselytes. The new religion soon spread over Kent and Essex, and Ethelbert built the church of St. Paul in London. Under several of his successors Christianity declined, but, in the reign of Edwin, who was a prince of great sagacity, and under whose protection it again revived, it extended its influence as far as the province of Northumbria. This king, however, previous to adopting the new opinions, held a council of his kingdom, and by its determination was the established religion of the country to be confirmed or the new one adopted. Each councillor was required to give his opinion in rotation. An extract or two from Bede will show how cordially Edwin's views were reciprocated by his followers. Coifi, the high-priest, thus addressed the assembly:—"Consider attentively, O king, the nature of the religion which is now preached to us, for I can assure you from my own experience, that the religion which we have hitherto professed has no virtue in it. None of your subjects ever applied himself with greater zeal to the worship of our gods than I; and yet many of them have received greater favours and honours from you, and have been more fortunate in everything which they undertook to perform or acquire, than I have. Now, if these gods could do anything, they would rather promote my interests, who have been more careful to serve them. Wherefore it now remains that if, upon due examination, you perceive that this new religion which is now preached to us is better and more efficacious, we admit it without delay." The speech of another, as coming from an illiterate Saxon councillor of that rude age, is peculiarly striking. "The present life of man, O king, compared with that space of time beyond, of which we have no certainty, reminds me of one of your wintry feasts, where you sit with your generals and ministers. The hearth blazes in the middle, and a grateful heat is diffused around, while the storms of rain and snow are raging fierce without. Driven by the chilling tempest, a little sparrow enters at one door, and flies delighted around till it departs through the other. While it stays within our mansion it feels not the winter's storm; but when this short interval of happiness has been enjoyed, it is forced again into the same dreary scene from which it had escaped, and we behold it no more. Such is the life of man, and we are as ignorant of the state which has preceded our present existence as of that which will follow it. Thus situated, I feel that if this new faith can give us more certainty on this important subject, it merits our belief." The other councillors expressed themselves in a similar manner; and after Paulinus, one of the missionaries, had delivered a discourse, Coifi, animated by its eloquence, exclaimed—"Formerly I understood nothing that I was worshipping, and the more industriously I sought for truth the less of it could I find. But in this system, the gifts of eternal life and happiness are clearly unfolded to us. Therefore, O king, I advise that our useless temples be immediately consigned to flames and to execration." Edwin and his nobles were then baptized with many of the people, and thus Christianity was established. "Christianity," says Turner, "has never been admitted into any country in a manner more worthy of itself, or more creditable to the intellect of its converts. Both Ethelbert and Edwin received it like dispassionate sages. Their faith was the offspring of a judgment deliberate and just." The gospel soon spread over the other provinces, and Sussex was the last which acceded to the revolution in its religious system. Civilization, morality, and a taste for literature, were its immediate fruits. When the Christian clergy were established and monasteries arose, the poor were taken under their protection, and thus gradually drawn away from robbery and bloodshed. A channel of

communication was now opened between Britain and the more polite parts of Europe, so that there was now some hope of the introduction of arts and sciences into this country. An ecclesiastical power was reared, which, at one time opposing the King, and at another the domination of the nobles, favoured the emancipation, and contributed much to produce the freedom of the people.

The Saxon Heptarchy was united under the dominion of Egbert, a prince of great accomplishments. He was a patron of the arts, and founded a noble library at York, of which Turner furnishes a catalogue. On the same authority Bede is said to have "addressed a long letter to him, which remains." The studies pursued in York in the eighth century are also given. They were, Grammar, Rhetoric, Poetry, Astronomy, and Natural Philosophy. He adds:—"But though literature in the seventh and eighth centuries was striking its roots into every part of England, yet it was in the monasteries almost exclusively that it met with any fit soil or displayed any vegetation. The ignorance of the secular part of society was general and gross. Even our kings were unable to write. Withred, King of Kent, about the year 700, says, at the end of a charter, 'I have put the sign of the holy Cross, pro ignorantia litterarum, on account of my ignorance of writing.'" There are several letters, however, extant, from the Anglo-Saxon kings at this period, which show some mental cultivation; the great Alfred was a notable example. In the century preceding Alfred the Great, the chief intellectual luminaries were, Aldhelm, Bede, and Alcuin—the first was a celebrated poet, as also was the latter, who was besides the friend and preceptor of the Emperor Charlemagne. He was born in Northumbria, and studied at York under Egbert while he was archbishop. He composed many works on the arts and sciences, for the use and instruction of Charlemagne, with whom he ultimately attached himself in France. He was indefatigable in exciting the Emperor to the love and encouragement of learning, and in the collection of MSS. for its dissemination.

Bede, the well-known early historian of the primitive Church, was born in 673. He was put under the care of the Abbot Benedict at seven years of age in the monastery of Weremouth, Northumbria, his native place. In the year 702 he was ordained priest. In his own simple unaffected narration, he says, "I passed all the time of my life in the residence of this monastery, and gave all my labours to the meditation of the Scriptures, and to the observance of regular discipline, and in the daily care of singing in the church. It was always sweet to me to learn, to teach, and to write. From the time of my receiving the order of priesthood to the fifty-ninth year of my life, I have employed myself in briefly noting from the works of the venerated Fathers these things on the holy Scriptures for the necessities of me and mine, and in adding something to the form of their sense and interpretation." Bede was the author of many works, in biography, history, &c. He died in 735, aged 62. The second Council of Aix-la-Chapelle bestowed on him the title of 'Venerable.'

The year 849 was distinguished by the birth of Alfred, whose history is so well known as to require no notice here. His great acquirements, his exile, and his subsequent restoration, occupy a prominent part in the Anglo-Saxon annals. After twelve years of peril and calamity, he acquired the sovereignty; and his comprehensive mind conceived and executed the magnanimous policy of subduing the minds of his enemies to the peaceful obligations of agriculture, civilization, and Christianity. To effect this, he required of them to exchange their Paganism for the Christian religion.

A new religious system spread in Europe in the tenth century—the Benedictine order of monks became the most celebrated in Christendom; and in England a character arose for its propagation, whose genius constituted him the most remarkable man of his country and age, and whose ambitious ascendancy in civil and ecclesiastical affairs renders him the most prominent actor in several reigns. This man was Dunstan. This extraordinary person was born in 925. He was of noble birth, and his education consisted of all the branches of knowledge which were taught at the time. His intense application to study produced a violent illness, which had a remarkable effect upon his subsequent character and conduct in life. His monkish contemporaries furnish marvellous details of his saintly exploits. One of them relates that when the whole family were standing about his bed dissolved in tears and expecting every moment to see him expire, an angel came from heaven in a dreadful storm, and gave him a medicine which restored him to perfect health in a moment. Dunstan immediately started from his bed, and ran with all his speed towards the church to return thanks for his recovery; but the devil met him by the way, surrounded by a great multitude of black dogs, and endeavoured to

obstruct his passage. This would have frightened some boys, but it had no such effect upon Dunstan; who, pronouncing a sacred name and brandishing his stick, put the devil and all his dogs to flight. The church doors being shut, an angel took him in his arms, conveyed him through an opening in the roof, and set him softly down on the floor. After his recovery he pursued his studies with the greatest ardour, and soon became a perfect master in philosophy, divinity, music, painting, writing, sculpture, working in gold, silver, brass, and iron, &c. When he was still very young he entered into holy orders, and was introduced by his uncle Athelm, Archbishop of Canterbury, to King Athelstan; who, charmed with his person and accomplishments, retained him in his court, and employed him in many great affairs. At leisure hours he used to entertain the king and his courtiers with playing on his harp, or some other musical instrument; and now and then he wrought a *miracle*, which gained him great admiration. His old enemy the devil was much offended at this, and prompted some envious courtiers to persuade the king that his favourite was a magician, which that prince too readily believed. Dunstan, discovering by the king's countenance that he had lost his favour, and resolving to resign rather than be turned out, retired from court to another uncle, who was bishop of Winchester. This good prelate prevailed upon his nephew to forsake the world and become a monk; after which he retired to a little cell, built against the church wall of Glastonbury. Here he slept, studied, prayed, meditated, and sometimes amused himself with forging several useful things in brass and iron. One evening, as he was working very busily at his forge, the devil, putting on the appearance of a man, thrust his head into the window of his cell, and asked him to make something or other for him. Dunstan was so intent upon his work that he made no answer; on which the devil began to swear and talk obscenely, which betrayed the lurking fiend. The holy blacksmith, putting up a secret ejaculation, pulled his tongs, which were red hot, out of the fire, seized the devil with them by the nose, and squeezed him with all his strength; which made his infernal Majesty roar and scold at such a rate, that he awakened and terrified all the people for many miles around. So far the legend.

"The man who set England in flames," says Turner, "was Dunstan, a man certainly formed by nature to act a distinguished part in the varied theatre of life. His progress to honour is worth our contemplation, as it affords a curious instance of great talents perverted from the path of glory by injudicious tuition and an inordinate ambition." It was Dunstan's early choice to have settled in private life, and he became deeply enamoured of a female friend. But his uncle refused to sanction his marrying, and wished him to devote himself to the Church. His disappointed hopes threw him into a violent illness, during which the preaching of the monks and the fear of death overcame him; and thus Dunstan, while ardent with passions not dishonourable to youth, was driven forcibly from civil honours, and afterwards excluded from social life. In obedience to duty, fear, and importunity, but in direct contradiction to his own wishes and prospects, he became a monk. But his blighted passion and fanaticism rendered him incapable of the calmness of true devotion, and fed the malady by the extravagant severities he imposed on himself. He fancied himself assailed by the powers of darkness. With his own hands he made a cell so unlike anything of the sort, that his biographer, who had seen it, knew not what to call it. It was five feet long by two and a half wide; its height the stature of a man. Its only wall was its door, which covered the whole, and in it a small aperture to admit light and air. Here occurred many of those wonderful things which were probably first related by himself, and believed by his superstitious auditors. The fame of his trials and his sanctity went to the remotest parts of the kingdom; and Edmund, the successor of Athelstan, invited him to court. The predominant passions in Dunstan's character were ambition and impetuosity. The path of life to which he was forced did not extinguish those energies. His superior mind and all its acquisitions still remained; but it was necessary that all its peculiarities should thereafter be displayed in the language, garb, and manners of a monk. He was well received by the king; his ambition was revived, and he now aspired to establish his own power on the aggrandisement of his order; and it was not long before he had the custody of the temporal as well as the spiritual affairs of his sovereign. The public purse being now at his disposal, he planted religious establishments all over the kingdom. He became the champion of the Benedictine reformation, found abundance of supporters, and the revolutions he patronized gathered strength every day. The people revered the new monks for their assumed sanctity and severe regularity. Thus the crafty project ended in governing the nation by the

new order, of which every member was, by gratitude, interest and prejudice, attached to Dunstan as its founder and patron. In the following reign he suffered a temporary check, and lived four years in exile, but, on the accession of Edgar, he had full scope for the exercise of his projects. He was recalled to court, became the King's confidential minister, and in a short time was promoted to be bishop of Worcester, then to the see of London; and ultimately to be Archbishop of Canterbury and the Pope's Legate. Invested with the highest functions both of civil and ecclesiastical government, Dunstan proceeded vigorously in the exaltation of his order, and he appears, while he augmented their wealth and power, to have reformed the disorders of the Anglo-Saxon church. He was zealously and munificently supported by Edgar, and the provisions of the Benedictine rule were followed up in all their strictness. The secular clergy suffered severely in consequence. Under Dunstan's guidance the kingdom flourished exceedingly, and in this reign all the minor princes of the island acknowledged Edgar's sovereignty.

Dunstan sustained his influence on the accession of Edward II., on which occasion the crown being disputed, the secular and monastic clergy were again in conflict. The opponents of Dunstan were confounded by two events which the superstition of the age attributed to the miraculous interposition of Heaven. During a stormy synod held in the cathedral at Winchester, a crucifix in the wall is said by the biographers of the saint to have received the gift of speech, and to have pronounced the divine will in favour of the monastic order. And in a council summoned at Calne, in Wiltshire, where the claims of the rival orders were violently debated, Dunstan had just declared that he committed the protection of the church to Christ, when the floor of the council chamber suddenly gave way at the end on which the opponents of the monastic order were collected; and being precipitated to the earth below, they were all either killed or dangerously hurt, while the archbishop and his friends remained uninjured. Some writers have ascribed this to the preparation of Dunstan, but the difficulties of such a contrivance render it doubtful. True it is, he improved the accident and counterfeited a miracle, which corresponds with other incidents of his life. The close of Dunstan's ambitious and busy career was of undiminished prosperity. He ended a long and prosperous life in 989, in time to escape the calamities of war and foreign invasion, in which the country was soon after plunged in the reign of Ethelred II.

Most of the monkish writers make a conjuror of this busy prelate. Fuller, who had consulted them all, tells us that he was an excellent musician, which was a qualification very necessary to ecclesiastical preferment, for, he adds, "preaching, in those days, could not be heard for singing in churches." The superior knowledge of Dunstan in music was numbered among his crimes; for, being accused of magic to the king, it was urged against him that he had constructed, by the help of the devil, (probably before he had taken him by the nose,) a harp, that not only moved of itself, but played without any human assistance. With all his violence and ambition, it may be supposed that he was a man of genius and talents; since it is allowed, by the least monkish of his historians, that he was not only an excellent musician, but a notable painter, and statuary. It is likewise upon record, that he cast two of the bells of Abingdon Abbey with his own hands. (*Monast. Anglic. tom. i. p. 104.*) And, according to William of Malmesbury, who wrote about 1120, the Saxons had organs in their churches before the Conquest. He says that in the reign of Edgar, Dunstan gave an organ to the abbey of Malmesbury, which, by his description, very much resembled that in present use. He adds, that this benefaction of Dunstan's was inscribed in a Latin distich on the organ pipes.

"No circumstance," says a modern writer, "can more impressively attest the superiority of Dunstan's attainments than having been accused, while at court, of demoniacal arts. Such charges give demonstration of the talents and knowledge of the person so accused. In the very same century, another man of eminence suffered under a similar imputation, because he had made a sphere, invented clocks, and attempted a telescope. Many thought Dunstan mad; but, as his madness was systematical, persevering, and popular, it was soon recognised to be prophetic intuition. His arts to perpetuate his power and popularity cannot now be detailed, but they may be conjectured by one faculty which he claimed, and which has been transmitted to us from his own authority. This was his power of conversing with the spiritual world. "I can relate one thing from himself," says his contemporary biographer, "that though he lives confined by a veil of flesh, yet, whether awake or asleep, he was always abiding with the powers above."

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY ROCKING-CHAIR.*

BLESSINGS on the invention fair!
That first contrived the rocking chair,
For wakeful ease or slumber!
Oft, with a fervour ever new,
I've blest mine own, long-tried and true,
In past hours without number.

Friend at all seasons! how I love,
When morning o'er the earth doth move,
Like some angelic creature,
Seated within thy tranquil place,
To greet with smiles her joyous face,
And read each glowing feature!

Or when, with full and staring eye,
The mid-day sun, in cloudless sky,
Like well-fed furnace blazes,
Safe nestled in thy shaded nook,
To speed the needle's task, or look
Into thought's mystic mazes.

And oftener still, when pensive eve,
Like some pale nun, her cell doth leave,
And takes her silent station
At the frail grate, where day and night
Meet hand in hand, and in Heaven's sight
Pay willing adoration.

Then, wrapt in dreams, my heart will float,
Like voyager in fairy boat
To the blue vault ideal;
Till, quite forgetful of its strife,
I slip, as 't were, the noose of life,
And dwell in worlds unreal.

Yet deem not, when calm Reason calls,
And from the height my spirit falls,
Where idle fancies centre,
That shades of discontent e'er pass
Across my mind's transparent glass,
Or aught like dark thoughts enter.

Oh, no!—within thy still domain,
I count the joys, not few nor vain,
Born with substantial being;
'Till to a livelier flame I fan
Warm gratitude, and rise, some plan
Of good in all things seeing.

Then come at will, ideal bliss!
Thou'lt always find a welcome kiss
From one that dearly loves thee:
Yet, if thou choose to stay away,
Believe me—oh, bewitching fay!—
Thine absence will not move me.

For, better than all fancied wealth,
Rich in kind friends and much-prized health,
With peace—best gift of Heaven!
Books, quiet, leisure, free from care,
Seated within my rocking-chair,
What need that more be given?

—From "The Knickerbocker" New York Magazine.

* The Americans commonly use easy chairs mounted on rockers.

CHARACTERISTICS OF SCARLET FEVER.

A few preliminary observations on the opinions popularly entertained of scarlet fever, will materially assist us in explaining, more clearly, the peculiar characteristics of this disease. From the maternal part of the community we are yet most desirous of claiming particular attention, as the subject upon which we are now about to treat is deserving of their earnest consideration; for, with the exception of the small-pox, not one of the diseases incident to childhood carries occasionally into families so much sorrow, anguish, and desolation.

The terms *scarlatina*, and scarlet fever, convey to many individuals the idea of two distinct meanings; *scarlatina* being often regarded as a disorder of a *light* and *trifling* nature, exhibiting a slight redness, or efflorescence of the skin, and supposed not to offer protection against an attack of scarlet fever. How frequently, indeed, do we hear in reply to the inquiry, Has such a child had scarlet fever? No—but she has had *scarlatina*; whereas the terms are in fact *synonymous*, that is, signifying one and the same disorder—*scarlatina* being the mere technical name for scarlet fever; therefore, in proceeding, we may be permitted to use the words indefinitely, supposing ourselves to be understood as treating of the same identical disease.

Amongst the various affections of the skin there is one called *Roseola*, and this, we believe, is often mistaken for, or confounded with, *scarlatina*. It is frequently caused by the irritation of teething, derangement of the bowels, accompanied by slight fever, and either generally or partially covering the skin with a rash of a rose colour; sometimes it continues for a night only; in other cases it appears for several days, but is not attended with the peculiar appearance of the tongue, or the peeling off of the skin at the decline of the rash, which accompanies and follows *scarlatina*. "*Roseola*," observes a recent author, "has not unfrequently, especially by the older writers, been mistaken for measles, or *scarlatina*; hence probably originated the notion which many entertain, that *scarlatina*, unlike other exanthematous fevers," (attended by cutaneous eruptions arising from specific contagion,) "may occur more than once in the same individual." Indeed, *scarlatina* was not accurately described as a *distinct* disease until the last half century; even the most talented of the faculty confounding it with other skin affections; and it remained for Dr. Withering, who published an essay first in 1778, and again in 1793, to describe it as a distinct disease.

Before we attempt to delineate the symptoms which precede and attend *scarlatina*, we may observe, that this disease assumes various characters, according to the different seasons in which it prevails. In some seasons it is very mild, in others it is equally virulent and destructive of life; even when it exists as a mild epidemic, we generally hear instances of one or two families being attacked by it with so much violence as to prove fatal to some. Individuals of the same family, having the disease at the same time, may suffer very differently; in demonstration of which we give the following instance:—

A few months since, we were requested to attend a young lady who had a sore throat; on examining the throat and noticing the appearance of the tongue, we inquired if any redness of the skin had been observed? or if she had ever had *scarlatina*? Her mother (who is peculiarly watchful of any illness, of either her children or her servants) replied, that *all* her children, consisting of five, had been poorly; the nursemaid had likewise been ill, and she herself had suffered from a sore throat; but considering that the general indisposition which had prevailed in her family was merely the effects of slight colds, she had only treated it as such, by administering a little aperient medicine. We then more minutely examined our patient, and discovered a desquamation, or peeling off of the skin; and on requesting to see the others, we readily recognised the sequelæ of the disease, especially in the nursemaid, who had remaining that peculiar dropsical affection of the skin which is a frequent follower of *scarlatina*; we had therefore no hesitation in pronouncing *all* the invalids to have had that disease. A few days afterwards we were sent for to visit the father of the family, a man of the most sober and regular habits, who had only the day previous been attending to his usual avocations; he was evidently likewise labouring under an attack of scarlet fever, but of a much more virulent nature than that through which his family had so favourably passed. Fever of the severest symptoms set in instantly. In a few hours, from being apparently in health, he was unable to raise his hand to his head; and for several days it was a struggle between life and death.

This gentleman we watched with anxious care, and seldom in the exercise of our profession have we been more gratified, or felt

ourselves more amply rewarded, than in witnessing our constant but feeble efforts sanctioned by the all-healing power of Providence. Our patient gradually but slowly recovered, and is now happily sufficiently reinstated in health to return to his ordinary business, and to superintend the responsible duties of a kind husband and father. We have here plainly exhibited the different effects the same disease may have on the various members of one family: the mother, nursemaid, and five children, passing through the disease so mildly as not to be known, except to the medical practitioner, whilst the father was so severely attacked, that great doubts were at one period of the disorder entertained of his recovery, which was lingering and tedious.

Scarlet fever, like measles, small-pox, and whooping-cough, is considered to be propagated by contagion, and, generally speaking, only attacks once during life; yet in this, as in other diseases, there are exceptions to the rule. But we are convinced such instances do not frequently occur; indeed Dr. Willan stated that he never saw a second attack upon the same individual amongst the number of two thousand patients, whom he had attended in *scarlatina*.

The usual symptoms preceding this disease is slight shivering, but frequently in children this is unobserved, and even adults will say, that they merely felt a little cold and chilly. When this irregular shivering is observed, it will be followed in a few hours by nausea and sometimes vomiting, heat of the skin, quick pulse, thirst, headache, and even delirium at this early period has been noticed; the throat becomes uneasy and sore, and there is frequently stiffness of the neck. These symptoms may continue for one, two, or three days; but generally on the second day the skin on the face, neck, and chest, will appear covered with minute red points, which in twenty-four hours extend over the whole surface, covering the body with a diffuse redness, resembling the colour of a salmon, when the fish is in high season. The skin is now, especially in the severer cases, very dry and pungently hot; the tongue is either covered with a white fur, as if cream was spread over it, through which many minute red points appear, or it is clean, smooth, and red. There is difficulty of swallowing, arising from soreness of the throat, and an enlargement of its glands; the voice is altered and hoarse; and frequently there is a secretion of tenacious mucus or phlegm from the throat, which is distressing, from the difficulty experienced in expelling it. Towards the evening, the symptoms increase, and delirium during the night is not unfrequent. Some complain of an intolerable pricking sensation, and will describe it as if thousands of needles were running into them.

The irruption may be regarded at its height on the fourth day, on the fifth it begins to disappear from the parts first affected, on the sixth it is more indistinct, and on the eighth, it has ceased to be perceptible. On the morning of the sixth day the skin begins to peel off from the face and neck, where the rash first appeared, and continues to do so, progressively, from other parts of the body, until the ninth or tenth day. The various symptoms accompanying the rash, gradually disappear with the redness; but the throat may continue sore; the tongue remain red, smooth, and clean, for some days. Languor and great debility follow the severe cases, from which, however, the recovery is more rapid than might be expected, provided the internal organs have escaped inflammatory action.

The symptoms just described are such as occur in what is termed a smart attack of the disease; but the reader will perceive, from what has been previously stated, that it often assumes a much milder form, running its course so favourably as almost to escape notice. Would that it generally did so; but, unhappily, at certain seasons, when scarlet fever is generally prevalent, it is a violent, destructive, and very unmanageable disease. It is not, however, our intention to take the reader through all its varieties, as we write for maternal information; sufficient, we trust, has been stated, to afford a general knowledge of the symptoms preceding and accompanying *scarlatina*.

We believe many individuals consider that the hidden laws which govern contagion must of necessity be known to medical men; and it is probable that some in the profession may assist in sustaining the delusion; be this as it may, we are oftentimes questioned, first, how long the contagion may remain dormant, after it is imbibed into the system? Second, when a person who has passed through the disease, ceases to communicate the contagion to those who have hitherto escaped its attack? Our opinion is, that very little is yet known of contagion generally, or the laws which direct specific contagion; therefore, when the above questions are put to us, we candidly acknowledge our inability to afford the desired

information. Indeed, many instances might be offered to prove how indefinite the period may be in both cases; and the hazard of giving a decided opinion will be illustrated by the following fact.

We attended, a few years since, two children in a gentleman's family, who had, simultaneously, scarlet fever: the cases were severe, but both happily recovered. The nursemaid remained in the room day and night, administering to all their wants. She said she had never had the disease, nevertheless was not deterred from the performance of her duty. Three weeks afterwards, the family removed to the sea-side, leaving the maid in town: they remained absent six or seven weeks; and, a fortnight after their return, the nursemaid was taken ill, and had a severe attack of scarlet fever.

From what has been suggested to parents, in former articles, in this Journal, on the diseases of childhood, we are inclined to hope, that the necessity of carefully watching the first approach of inflammation taking place in any of the internal organs, will be deeply impressed on their recollection. The disease now under our consideration, *urgently* demands the adoption of suitable remedies on the first evidence of local or internal inflammation.

On the general management of scarlatina we shall say but little. The treatment in so varying a disease must be left to professional judgment and discretion. Yet, before concluding, we would willingly direct attention to the beneficial effects of frequently ventilating the bed-chamber, and allowing a current of cool air to pass round the patient; also by sponging the body with cold water, when the skin is *dry and hot*. Discernment and professional knowledge are requisite to direct when sponging should take place, and we hope it will only be done by advice of the practitioner.

In early life, we had an opportunity of witnessing the effects of the application of cold water to the surface, when scarlatina was epidemic in a branch of the public service, and with such marked benefit, that we have regretted that prejudice has often prevented our using the like means so frequently in private life as we could have desired. The testimony of Dr. Bateman will, we trust, tend in some degree, to dissipate the prejudice which we have had to contend against; for which purpose we extract the following strong commendation from his work on Cutaneous Diseases.

"We are possessed," says Dr. Bateman, "of no physical agent, as far as my experience has taught me, (not excepting even the use of blood-letting in acute inflammation,) by which the functions of the animal economy are controlled with so much certainty, safety, and promptitude, as by the application of cold water to the skin under the augmented heat of scarlatina and some other fevers. This expedient combines in itself all the medicinal properties which are indicated in this state of disease, and which we should scarcely, *a priori*, expect it to possess; for it is not only the most effectual febrifuge, but is, in fact, the only sudorific and anodyne which will not disappoint the expectation of the practitioner under these circumstances. I have had the satisfaction, in numerous instances, of witnessing the immediate improvement of the symptoms, and the rapid change in the countenance of the patient, produced by washing the skin. Invariably, in the course of a few minutes, the pulse has been diminished in frequency, the thirst has abated, the tongue has become moist, a general free perspiration has broken forth, the skin has become soft and cool, and the eyes have brightened; and these indications of relief have been speedily followed by a calm and refreshing sleep. In all these respects, the condition of the patient presented a complete contrast to that which preceded the cold washing; and his languor was exchanged for a considerable share of vigour. The morbid heat, it is true, when thus removed, is liable to return, and with it the distressing symptoms; but a repetition of the remedy is followed by the same beneficial effects as at first."

Reader, let us repeat, that this simple remedy requires, and demands, the judgment of professional knowledge before it is employed.

DRYING OF STUFFS.

AN apparatus has been invented by MM. Penzoldt and Levesque, for the rapid drying of stuffs of all kinds, without fire or pressure. It consists of a double drum, which turns on its axis at the rate of four thousand times in a minute. The stuffs are placed in it as they come out of the water, and, by the effect of rotation, the water contained between the threads is carried towards the external covering of the drum, which is bored with holes. Woollen stuffs are thus dried in less than three minutes, when the apparatus is small; and in eight minutes when it is larger. Flax and cotton stuffs require a short exposure to the air after being taken from the drum.—*Athenaeum*.

A VISIT TO BOWOOD.

THOUGH the Marquis of Lansdowne had told me in London that he regretted that I should not be able to see the pictures of Bowood, because it was under repair, I would not pass so near this celebrated seat without visiting it. I therefore set out on the following morning in a single-horse carriage, here called a fly. As you approach Bowood, the ground becomes more unequal, the vegetation richer and more luxuriant. There is a long drive through the park, which is thickly wooded with lofty trees, before you reach the mansion. Being situated on a considerable eminence, which commands the country far and wide, and built in the noble and cheerful Italian style, it has a surprisingly beautiful appearance. On closer inspection, I was particularly pleased at a certain irregularity in the disposition of the considerable group of buildings, which produces a number of agreeable combinations, and makes the architecture harmonize in a picturesque manner with the surrounding scenery. The principal edifice, which, from its grand proportions, has a very stately appearance, is joined on the right side, but standing rather back, by a wing only one story high and of great length, more in the style of a villa, with a long open colonnade. On the terrace before it, is an elegant flower-garden, divided into regular beds. The wall of the colonnade is adorned with larger plants: myrtles, pomegranates, passion-flowers, all in full blossom. On entering the colonnade, I was surrounded by innumerable flowers, which filled the air with their fragrance. Behind this is the chapel, and, in two beautiful large apartments, the library. In one of them the book-cases are ornamented with elegant imitations of Greek vases, and in the other by very good bronzes, after the most celebrated antiques. On the other side of the main building, instead of a wing corresponding with this in tiresome symmetry, there is another shorter wing, adjoining the back front, before which, in the angle that it forms, is another flower-garden, but more retired and private. The prospect from the house is singularly fine. At the foot of the gently-sloping hill, a lake of considerable extent spreads out in two beautifully-winding branches, the opposite bank of which rises again, and is thickly covered, like this, with the finest timber. Further on, the view is bounded by fruitful plains, closed in with a hill.

I accepted with the greatest pleasure the kind offer of Lady Lansdowne, to let the gardener show me the pleasure-grounds. We first went into the kitchen-garden, surrounded with a high wall, where everything is reared which England, that is so far advanced in the cultivation of vegetables, produces. But in the grounds, extending over seventy acres of land, I learned what art, in union with a situation favoured by nature, and a mild climate, is able to effect. The advantages of the lofty and most vigorous of the native trees, such as the oak, the ash, and the beech, are here happily united with the most various trees and shrubs of southern vegetation. Cedars of Lebanon, in their solemn majesty, melancholy cypresses, laurels, cork, oaks, cheerful arbutus, and tulip trees, and many others, are joined, with the most refined taste, in thick masses, in large or small independent groups, and afford the most manifold variations, of completely secluded forest solitude, of a confined view from the mysterious gloom to the remote horizon, to the richest and most various views of single parts of the garden, to the mirror of the lake, with its beautiful chain of hills, and then far into the country beyond it. I admired in particular the taste for the picturesque, with which care had been taken to form beautifully graduated middle distances, and with which the whole was again united by the velvety lawn, which is kept in the most admirable order. The bright sunshine, now and then interrupted by shadows of passing clouds, produced the most diversified and striking effects of light and shade; so that, revelling in the enjoyment of the scenery, I passed some of the happiest hours of my life. Here, too, I was destined to be reconciled to artificial waterfalls, to which I am otherwise a declared enemy.—*Dr. Waagen's Art and Artists in England*.

THE PLEASURE OF STUDY.

I HAVE found that there is no mental pleasure like dwelling intensely for a time on one topic or one task; and that distraction and dispersion lead to fatigue and ennui. Nothing can ever be superfluous which contains sound sense, or elevated or tender and virtuous sentiment, expressed with manliness and force. It is affectation which ruins everything; and I call everything affectation which is imitated, but most of all which is mimicked.—*Sir E. Brydges*.

THE TRUE POET.

The true poet seeks to exemplify moral truths by the rays of an inventive imagination. There is implanted in him a spiritual being, which adds to the material world another creation invisible to vulgar eyes.—*Brydges*.

THE SHAWANESE INDIANS.

The Shawanese are the only tribe among all our Indians who claim for themselves a foreign origin. Most of the aborigines believe their forefathers ascended from holes in the earth, and many of them assign a local habitation to these traditional places of nativity of their race; reminding us of some of the legends of antiquity, and derived perhaps from that remote period when barbarous tribes were, troglodytes, subsisting upon the spontaneous productions of the earth. The Shawanese believe their ancestors inhabited a foreign land, which, from some unknown cause, they determined to abandon. They collected their people together, and marched to the sea-shore. Here various persons were selected to lead them; but they declined the duty, until it was undertaken by one of the Turtle tribe. He placed himself at the head of the procession, and walked into the sea. The waters immediately divided, and they passed along the bottom of the ocean, until they reached this "Island." The Shawanese have one institution peculiar to themselves. Their nation was originally divided into twelve tribes or bands, bearing different names. Each of these tribes was subdivided, in the usual manner, into families of the Eagle, the Turtle, &c.; these animals constituting their *totems*. Two of these tribes have become extinct, and their names are forgotten. The names of the other ten are preserved, but only four of these are now kept distinct. Of the six whose names are preserved, but whose separate characters are lost, no descendants of one of them now survive. The remains of the other five have become incorporated with the four existing tribes. To this day, each of the four sides of their council-houses is assigned to one of these tribes, and invariably occupied by it. To us they appear the same people, but they profess to possess the power of discerning, at sight, to which tribe an individual belongs.—*History of the Indians in North America*.

PAINTING.

Painting is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.—*Coleridge*.

MR. TIMMS OF THE TREASURY.

A clerk of the Treasury dined at the Beef-steak Club, where he sat next to a noble Duke, who conversed freely with him. Meeting his Grace in the street some days afterwards, and encouraged by his previous familiarity, he accosted him with—"Ah! my lord, how d'ye do?" The Duke looked surprised. "May I know, sir, to whom I have the honour of speaking?"—"Oh! why—don't you know? We dined at the Beef-steak Club—I'm Mr. Timms of the Treasury." "Then," said the Duke, turning on his heel, "Mr. Timms of the Treasury, I wish you a very good morning!"

EFFECTS OF STEAM NAVIGATION.—EGGS.—FEATHERS.

The value, in money, of one seemingly unimportant article, eggs, taken in the course of the year to the above two ports from Ireland, amounts to at least 100,000*l*. The progress of this trade affords a curious illustration of the advantage of commercial facilities in stimulating production and equalising prices. Before the establishment of steam-vessels, the market at Cork was most irregularly supplied with eggs from the surrounding district: at certain seasons they were exceedingly abundant and cheap, but these seasons were sure to be followed by periods of scarcity and high prices, and at times it is said to have been difficult to purchase eggs at any price in the market. At the first opening of the improved channel for conveyance to England, the residents at Cork had to complain of the constant high price of this and other articles of farm produce; but, as a more extensive market was now permanently open to them, the farmers gave their attention to the rearing and keeping of poultry, and at the present time eggs are procurable at all seasons in the market at Cork; not, it is true, at the extremely low rate at which they could formerly be sometimes bought, but still at much less than the average price of the year. A like result has followed the introduction of this great improvement in regard to the supply and cost of various articles of produce. In the apparently unimportant article, feathers, it may be stated, on the respectable authority above quoted, that the yearly importation into England from Ireland reaches the amount of 500,000*l*.

—*Porter's Progress of the Nation*.

LUTHER'S STATUE AT WITTENBERG.

The town-house of Wittenberg is as venerable as dilapidation and weather-stains can make it. In front stands a bronze statue of Luther, by Schadow, under a gothic canopy of iron, and inscribed perhaps with a double allusion:

Ist's Gottes werk, so wird's bestehen;
Ist's menschen's, so wird's untergehen.
If God's work, it will aye endure;
If man's, 'tis not a moment sure.

The divine spirit of genius within the statue will scarce render it immortal: clumsy and characteristic, it expresses the massive vulgarity of Luther's mind well, but destroys all reverence for the original, and makes affection ridiculous: if Protestant art keeps to this unamiable style in representing sanctified personages, image worship is impossible, and the Virgin herself might be admitted into our churches without fear of producing one idolator. Yet Schadow ranks high among German sculptors.—*Athenaeum*.

SILENCE NOT ALWAYS A MARK OF WISDOM.

Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner some time ago, in company with a man who listened to me, and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with, "Them's the jockeys for me!" I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head.—*Coleridge*.

COUNSEL OF PYTHAGORAS.

It was the wise counsel of Pythagoras—"Dig not up fire with a sword;" that is, "Provoke not a person already swollen with anger by petulant and evil speeches."—*Wieri Opera*.

INDIAN OPINION RESPECTING WASHINGTON.

It is related that, when, fifteen years after Braddock's unfortunate expedition, in which Washington served, he went westward, a second time, on an exploring tour to the Ohio river, a company of Indians came to them, with an interpreter, at the head of whom was an aged and venerable chief. This personage made known to them, by the interpreter, that, hearing Colonel Washington was in that region, he had come a long way to visit him; adding that, during the battle of the Monongahela, he had singled him out as a conspicuous object, fired his rifle at him many times, and directed his young warriors to do the same, but, to his utter astonishment, none of their balls took effect. He was then persuaded that the youthful hero was under the special guardianship of the Great Spirit, and ceased to fire at him any longer. He was now come to pay homage to the man who was the particular favourite of Heaven, and who could never die in battle.—*Spark's Life of Washington*.

THE ARAB STEED.

The Bedouins appear as kind and gentle to the brute creation as they are to one another, and their fond attachment to their horses is proverbial. D'Arvilleux tells us a most interesting story of an Arab, who had been obliged to sell his mare, making very frequently a long journey to come and see her. "I have seen him," says he, "cry with tenderness, whilst kissing and caressing her. He would embrace her, would wipe her eyes with his handkerchief, rub her with his shirt-sleeves, and give her a thousand blessings. 'My eyes,' would he say to her, 'my soul, my heart! must I be so unfortunate as to have thee sold to so many masters, and not to keep thee myself? I am poor, my antelope! I have brought thee up like a child; I never beat nor chid thee. God preserve thee, my dearest! Thou art pretty, thou art sweet, thou art lovely! God defend thee from the looks of the envious.'"—*Addison's Damascus and Palmyra*.

TACITURNITY.

Metellus was once asked by a young centurion, "What design he had now in hand?" who told him, that, if he thought his own shirt was privy to any part of his counsel, he would immediately pluck it off, and burn it.—*Plutarch*.

ETYMOLOGY.

Few have ever looked to the French word "allons" for the derivation of the English "along" (come along); yet it is the same in sound and meaning.—*Andrews' Anecdotes*.

TRAVELLING IN 1708.

I went directly to Mrs. Goodman: she seemed startled when I told her I was come to take my leave of her, and that I was to set out in the Canterbury stage at four o'clock next morning; that my things had already gone to the Star Inn on Fish-street Hill, where I was to lie; and that it would give me great pleasure if she would favour me with her company to breakfast at the Green Man on Blackheath, where the stage would stop, and the passengers breakfast, but that she must be there by nine o'clock: this she faithfully promised. I set out immediately for one in the neighbourhood who let out coaches, and agreed with him for a chariot and four, and took my leave. Next morning, when I came to the coach, there were but two lady passengers. I perceived that one of them was a woman of fortune, having two servants in livery on horseback, and the other her waiting-maid. Being come to the Green Man, the chariot soon came with Mrs. Goodman, who brought another lady with her. I gave the coachman a shilling to drink, desiring him to let us have as much time as he could spare, which he promised. We staid about an hour and a half, then we took leave of my cousin and her companion.—*Memoirs of Capt. Peter Drake*.

DANGEROUS.

A young man, having cut his finger, sent for a physician, who, after examining the wound, requested his servant to run as fast as possible, and to get him a certain plaster. "Oh my!" cried the patient, "is the danger so great?" Yes, was the reply: "if the fellow don't run fast, I'm afraid the cut will be well before he gets back."—*New York Mirror*.

A MIRACLE.

An old Irish beggarman, pretending to be dumb, was utterly disconcerted by the sudden question, "How many years have you been dumb?" "Fifty years, last St. John's Eve, please your honour."—*Old Newspaper*.

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